The
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Established Aug. 4, 1821. | HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers. No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1869. | Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 6 Cents. | Whole Number Issued, 2512.

ON WALKING IN THE FRIENDS' BURYING GROUND.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[The following lines written by a most estimable lady, the late Mary E. Lee, a beloved Friend, have never before been published:—*Correspondent.*]

With careful steps and slow, oh let me tread,
Among these lowly dwellings of the dead;
I love the silent gloom that reigns around,
Within this lone enclosure's humble bound.
Neglected spot! yet sweet beneath the sod,
By careless, wandering footsteps seldom trod,
Forms lovely once—and loved, in peace repose,
Resting alike from all earth's joys and woes.
No lofty monument or tomb is here,
To draw the curious or the stranger near;
Nor wordy lines their virtues to declare,
Nor name, nor date, to tell us who they were;
Silent? ah, no! they speak in language dear
To every heart, to every mental ear;
And much of deep instruction they can give,
To tell us what we are, and how to live;
They prove the worthlessness of earth's poor joys,
Which death's cold hand so certainly destroys.
Ah! many a much loved form I've followed here;
And many times have shed the bitter tear,
As slow we've entered on this hallowed ground;
And near the waiting grave have gathered round,
To see them laid within their narrow bed;
Then turned to leave them with the coffined dead.
But now, as sad, I wander o'er this ground,
I silent gaze on each low, grassy mound,
To find some small memorial just to tell
Where rests the forms that I have loved so well.
But ah! no mark, no stone can I descry,
To point the spot where their poor relics lie,
Nor can I even tell which grave contains
A much regretted mother's dear remains.
Yet tho' unmarked, unhonored is the spot,
Her many virtues ne'er shall be forgot;
Her children's love will treasure up her worth,
Tho' her dear form is mouldering low in earth.
And thou, dear brother, too, though years have fled,
Since thou wast numbered with the silent dead,
Yet often do I weep thy mournful doom,
So early summoned to the silent tomb.
Bright was thy genius, but it could not save
From sickness, sorrow, and an early grave:
And keen thy sufferings ere the word was given,
That bade thy chasten'd spirit soar to Heaven.
With sweet composure thou didst yield thy breath,
And sank serenely in the arms of death;
Then why should I, thy early exit mourn?
Thy soul prepared hath passed that lonely bourne
Which all must pass, thy trials now are o'er,
Nor pain, nor grief, can ere assail thee more.

Perhaps a few short years may pass away,
And I shall mingle with this kindred clay;
Perhaps the very earth where now I tread,
May form the covering to my narrow bed.
Oh! then how soon by all 'twill be forgot
Whose poor remains are laid in this lone spot;
Yet why this tear, or why this deep drawn sigh?
Though dearest friends may pass unheeding by,
Though none may ever stay to drop a tear
On my cold grave, so desolate and drear;
The poor unconscious clay that sleeps below,
No love can feel, no cold neglect can know.
The rattling cords that place me with the dead,
And the chill clods that fall above my head—
I shall not hear, nor shall I ever feel
The chilling damps that through my dwelling steal.
Alike to me the wintry tempests rave,
Or summer's softest zephyrs fan my grave:
The immortal part will then have passed away—
Oh! may I hope to realms of brightest day,
To that calm rest, that happy, peaceful shore,
Where tears and parting shall be known no more.

☞ On one occasion, when Theodore Hook was dining, a messenger came to him from the John Bull, which he edited, but for which he had written nothing for some weeks, and told him that he must write something on the death of the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands, whereupon he sent back—

"'Waiter! two Sandwiches!' cried Death,
And their wild Majesties resigned their breath."

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER X.

COMING HOME.

In his fine library, its walls lined with valuable books, and its appointments fit for a royal potentate, paced George Canterbury. The light, lingering still in the western sky after the sun went down, cast its soft brightness on the room through the beautiful painted window at the farther end, imparting a red glow to the still handsome face of the room's master, so that he looked heated. Perhaps he was: the day had been sultry; Mr. Canterbury had just dined, and the flush might have been more than surface-heat. Besides, there were other causes; and if the blood coursed on faster than ordinary, it was only natural that it should.

George Canterbury, turned sixty, had made an offer of marriage that day to a young girl of eighteen. He called in at her mother's late in the afternoon to know his fate, and was accepted. So far, it was all very smooth and pleasant; but he had to make the communication to his daughters, and that was less so. It ought to be done at once, and he was thinking of the words he should use, and exactly what he could say, as he paced there—something after the manner of a schoolboy who cons his lesson.

The shades in the room grew darker, and a servant came in to light the wax-candles; but he found himself stopped. A semi-darkened atmosphere is less embarrassing to make a disagreeable communication in than a broad glare of light; and the master of the Rock was conscious of it.

"Don't light up yet, John. Go and say to Miss Canterbury that I wish to see her here."

Olive came in. A shivering dread lay within her of what she was going to hear; but nothing of it appeared in her manner; she was calm, grand, stately as usual.

"Do you want me, papa?"

"Yes. Sit down, Olive."

Every word that George Canterbury had been rehearsing went clean out of his head. He had never been troubled with nervousness in any shape or form; but it was *not* pleasant to have to tell this good and grand daughter, who was herself turned thirty, and for many years the Rock's entire mistress, that he was about to bring home a young wife. Olive sat down, implicitly obedient and waited. He imparted the news somehow, in rather a lame fashion; and he had less trouble than he expected in being understood. Had he made the communication four-and-twenty hours earlier, Olive Canterbury's utter surprise and shock would have discomposed him; but she had now been warned of it.

Never a word did she utter while he spoke. To anyone but her father she would have remonstrated against so unsuitable a scheme, and not spared it condemnation; but to *him*, remembering the duty of a daughter, she remained silent. She could not praise; she would not blame. It was a bitter moment in Olive Canterbury's life.

"Do you fancy, sir, that this can possibly bring satisfaction to yourself?" she asked, in a low tone, breaking the painful silence.

"Certainly I do, Olive; there can be no doubt it will."

"I—I suppose you wish me to understand that the measure is irrevocably fixed upon, not merely one that you contemplate as probable?"

"Of course it is," answered Mr. Canterbury, in the rather fractious tone that opposition sometimes induces: for of all men living, none bore opposition less well than George Canterbury. His temperament was the most yielding in the world, and to be crossed troubled him. "Should I have sent for you to tell you this, Olive, had it not been irrevocably fixed? We shall be married directly."

There was nothing further to be said then. Olive tried to falter out some words of congratulation, of hope for his future happiness; but they froze on her tongue, and her dry lips refused to speak them. She was glad to escape from the room; Mr. Canterbury was not less glad that she should.

"Well, what where you wanted for?" was the salutation that greeted Miss Canterbury, when she returned to her sisters in the lighted drawing-room; and it was Mrs. Dunn who spoke it. "What news have you heard?"

"The worst news possible to be heard; the news you prepared us for to-day, Lydia," was Olive's reply, as she sank into a seat stunned and miserable. "Caroline Kage is to take my dead mother's place."

"I told you so," was Lydia Dunn's answer. And there was actually a kind of complaisant satisfaction in her tone—not at the doubtful blow being true, but at her own clear-sightedness in finding it out.

Jane Canterbury turned her head from the light with a faint moan; Millicent dropped her face upon the table amidst her sewing-silks, and burst into tears: Mrs. Dunn, on the contrary, advanced full into the rays of the chandelier, and stood upright, angry, indignant.

THE TIGER AND HIS VICTIM.

Our engraving illustrates a sad scene, which occurred some years ago in Mongolia. A chief was travelling with his newly-wedded bride. Near nightfall they stopped to encamp for the night. While the chief was making a fire, his wife walked to a secluded spot to offer up her evening devotions. Suddenly the chief was startled by a fearful shriek. Rushing towards the spot, he saw on the sand the torn and blood-stained garments of his bride. While she was kneeling in prayer, a tiger had sprung forth, and killed her before she could utter a second cry. His huge paws were deeply printed in the sand, and the trail was to be seen along which she had been dragged. The chief seized his battle-axe, and dashed into the jungle—but neither on that evening nor the next morning could he discover any further trace of his bride, and he returned home alone, and in the greatest distress and agony.

"Do not meet it in this spirit, girls; show your dignity, if you possess any. I presume you stood up for your rights, Miss Canterbury?"

"What rights?" returned Olive, too utterly prostrated to retain her usual self possessed good sense.

"What rights!" repeated Mrs. Dunn, in a taunting tone, for she had no notion of people's yielding to ill-fortune. "Well, that *is* a pertinent question!"

But Olive could not retort; Mrs. Dunn saw it, and made the best of it.

"Has it not occurred to you, Olive, that you ought to have an explicit understanding with your father?—that your privileges and your sisters' liberties and comforts, as daughters of this house, must remain intact, secure from the capricious control of any interloper? Did you say this?"

"Lydia, I could not say it!"

"I see I must act for you all," said Mrs. Dunn with condescending patronage. "I *did* think you were strong-minded, Olive."

"So did I," said poor Olive, "until this came."

Perhaps Mrs. Dunn—a hard woman by nature—could not understand or realize to herself what a blow this, their father's marriage, was to the unwedded daughters of the house. She had quitted home and hometies; she had her dwelling and her interests away; her father and the Rock no longer, so to say, belonged to her; but she was quite ready, in her domineering spirit, to make their cause hers. She thought it was her mission to put the world, including Mr. Canterbury, to rights when it wanted it; and she liked amazingly the anticipated battle.

The library was lighted when she entered, and George Canterbury sat in his evening spectacles (which had double glasses), calmly reading the county paper. To see his self-asserting daughter Lydia come in, pushing back the door with an air of authority, acted on him as a kind of shock. He had hoped the unpleasantness of the matter was over; and he had always been rather afraid of positive Lydia.

"Sir, this is a startling communication you have made to Olive," she began, not choosing to hint at any previous suspicions of her own. "Can it possibly be true?"

Mr. Canterbury fidgeted the least in the world, so far as slightly to ruffle the leaves of the journal, and intimated that it was true. Lydia had taken up her station right in front of him, at a few paces' distance.

"What is to become of my sisters?"

"Become of them!" repeated Mr. Canterbury, holding the paper before his face, as if still perusing it. "In what way?"

"I put myself out of the discussion altogether, having my own home—which I shall very soon return to now," continued Mrs. Dunn decisively. "But they have no other home to retire to, sir."

"They do not require any other."

"As soon as you marry, it will be your wife's home, not theirs."

"Absurd!" repeated Mr. Canterbury. "If I chose to bring home four-and-twenty wives, there would be room for your sisters then."

"In point of space there might be. But young wives are given to be domineering, and Miss Kage may take a fancy for indulging in it. How, in that case, could they remain at the Rock? There's no saying, indeed, what extent of putting-upon Jane might bear; but Olive—"

"This is uncalled-for, Lydia," interrupted Mr. Canterbury, rising in surprise, and facing his daughter. "Miss Kage is of an amiable nature; she and they are on intimate and affectionate terms, as you know. Those terms will be only cemented by a closer union."

Never had Lydia Dunn a greater mind for anything in her life than to tell her father he was a fool for thinking so. Looking at him, she wondered whether any remonstrance or reasoning, possible to be urged, could arrest this most unsuitable and wild project; and she decided that it would not. It had not been Lydia, however, if she had kept her tongue quite silent.

"I beg your pardon, papa—I cannot help speaking. Caroline Kage is so young, that she might be your grand-daughter; if you marry her, you will be the laughing-stock of the whole county."

George Canterbury felt grievously offended.

"It is not your place to say these things to me, Lydia. As to Caroline's age, that is a matter solely for her consideration and mine."

"You had a great deal better marry Mrs. Kage."

"Thank you," he spoke stiffly. "I think you have said nearly enough, Lydia."

Convinced that whatever she said would do no good towards arresting the marriage, Lydia thought perhaps she had. She returned to the subject of her sisters.

"Will you promise—will you undertake that my sister's home shall not be rendered unhappy?—that they shall be as free and independent in it as they have been?"

"Certainly I will," responded Mr. Canterbury. "You must have taken up very strange ideas to fear otherwise."

"No, sir, the ideas are quite natural. There will probably be two antagonistic powers in the house, once Caroline Kage enters it. Olive has been its mistress hitherto: and her own."

"She can be mistress of herself and all else as much as she has been," hastily spoke Mr. Canterbury. "Except, of course, in the matter of—of housekeeping, and that," he added, his thoughts falling on domestic matters. "Olive must resign her control over the household."

"Olive will not expect to retain it, sir, when you put a wife at its head. I speak of my sisters' personal interests. Will they be allowed the perfect freedom of action, the comfort, the uncontrolled liberty of themselves and their time, that they have hitherto possessed?"

"Yes, certainly they will. What should hinder it?"

Mr. Canterbury stared in a little surprise as he put the question. He was by no means a clear-sighted man: the old saying, of not seeing an inch beyond the nose, would have aptly applied to him. He fully believed his daughters would be just as free and happy when Caroline came home as they were now; and he deemed Lydia most unreasonable to suggest otherwise; thinking, indeed, that she must be doing it for the sake of cavilling.

"I will say no more, papa, except to remind you that things in similar cases have been known to turn out quite differently from pleasant expectations. I foresee that they may in this; and I hope, should it be so, you will remember your promise to take care of the comfort and happiness of Olive and her sisters."

"The girl must be a little off her head to-night," said George Canterbury to himself, as Lydia went out and left him alone.

"No hope, no redress!" she exclaimed when she returned to her sisters; and she flung up her hands in temper as she spoke. "He is going to make an idiot of himself, and won't be stopped in it; and Caroline Kage will soon be mistress of the Rock."

The year had grown later; the brown and red tints of autumn were spreading in the foliage, imparting that wondrous beauty to Nature's landscape that the other seasons lack.

Not in their own pleasant morning-room, but in the great magnificent drawing-room, were gathered the unmarried daughters of George Canterbury. They sat, as may be said, in state, awaiting the return home of the bridegroom and bride after their honeymoon. In state, so far as the room went, but they were at their ordinary occupations. Miss Canterbury and Jane wore silks of a violet hue; Leta had on a charming pink of some fancy material.

After a few days given to their natural repugnance and grief when the communication was first made to them, to the bitter heartache than which nothing could be keener, the Miss Canterburys resigned themselves to what they could not prevent, and made the best of matters with outward cheerfulness and grace. Not so Mrs. Dunn. She prided herself upon being independent, upon "showing what she thought," and went back to London. Simpering Mrs. Kage, with her own peculiar taste, expressed her wonder to Lydia that she did not remain to "assist" at her father's wedding. Mrs. Dunn bluntly answered that, of the two, she thought she would rather assist at his funeral.

The marriage took place in August; so, you see, no time was lost. Mrs. Kage never was free from an inward fear that Caroline might retract her consent yet, and hurried it on at least in an equal degree with the fond bridegroom elect. She got up a charming little fable that Thomas Kage had fallen in love with some London lady of fortune, to whom he was about to be united, and repeated it (with a vast many confirmatory details) for the edification of Caroline. But Mrs. Kage need not have feared; Caroline had no thought of retracting. Like a child dazzled by the glitter of a coveted toy, she was eager for it.

Mrs. Kage showed her sense and craft in one respect—she caused the wedding to be almost a private one. When something was said about who should give the bride away, Mr. Canterbury suggested, as was but natural, her only living relative on the father's side—Thomas Kage. Mrs. Kage did not accept the suggestion; she wrote a pretty note to Mr. Carlton of Chilling Hall, and he undertook the office. The day of the wedding was kept private, the hour fixed for it was the early one of nine in the morning, and the church had no spectators. The Miss Canterburys countenanced it by their presence; Millicent was bridesmaid; Mr. Rufort, the new rector, performed the ceremony. There was a simple breakfast at Mrs. Kage's, to which all sat down except the two elder Miss Canterburys, who drove straight home from church; and then the happy pair, as announced by the local newspapers in newspaper phraseology, started on their tour for the Lakes, to enjoy the honeymoon.

It was October now. The honeymoon was over, and a good long honeymoon it had been; and it was to be hoped they *had* enjoyed it. The "happy pair" were expected home to-day after their six weeks' absence. Everything was in readiness to receive them. The Miss Canterburys, knowing that all was complete and in order, sat in the state drawing-room, quietly pursuing their ordinary occupations. Like right-minded ladies as they were, they were prepared to render due honor and deference to their father's wife.

But, as Judith, one of the house-maids at the Rock, remarked to a helpmate, it was "hard lines" for them. No doubt of that; a great deal of heart-schooling discipline was requisite still.

"Leta, how you keep getting up! Your drawing will not be the better for it."

"I can't help it, Olive. Things seem to be so strange that it makes me restless. Suppose I should forget myself, and call her Carry!"

"What are we to call her?" suddenly wondered Jane. "It never occurred to me."

"Mrs. Canterbury, when speaking of her," said Olive.

"But when speaking to her?"

"I don't know. Nothing. It would be rather ridiculous to say 'Mamma,'"—and Olive's fine face took a momentary tinge of mockery—"and equally out of place to call her 'Caroline.' There is only 'Mrs. Canterbury to fall back upon."

"Did you recollect to order mamma's por-

trait to be taken out of their rooms, Olive?" asked Leta.

"My dear, I have recollected everything. It is removed to mine; and Edgar's is also. Mrs. Canterbury will find all things as they should be. Listen! I really believe Noel is bringing in a visitor!"

Olive was right. The butler, speaking with some one as he advanced, threw open the door, and made the announcement:

"Mrs. Kage."

"What an oppressive day for October!" languidly spoke Mrs. Kage, as she sank on the nearest sofa. "My dears, how are you? Do place me a screen, Millicent; your fire is like a volcano."

She took off her bonnet and cloak; and, pushing back her shawl of black lace, left her dress displayed. By which dress they saw she had come intending to remain for dinner.

"A lovely day, though, although it is close; quite a good omen for the return of the travellers. My dears, I heard from your mamma this morning."

Olive bit her lip, partly in amusement. Your mamma! And Caroline more than half-a-score years younger than herself.

"We have heard also, Mrs. Kage. My father wrote. They will be at home this evening to dinner."

"Yes, that is what I came up about, for one thing; all the morning I had a nervous headache, or should have been here earlier. I must see to the arrangements."

"What arrangements?" inquired Olive in surprise.

"My daughter's rooms, and so forth."

"The arrangements are made; the rooms are in readiness," returned Olive.

"My dearest Miss Canterbury, you have no doubt done to the best of your ability, but a mother's eye can alone tell what will please her daughter."

Olive drew herself up.

"I trust the arrangements will please Mrs. Canterbury. I should like her to see that we have cared for her comfort. Should she wish any alteration made in the rooms, she can give her own orders when she sees them."

"Thank you, my dear; I will presently go through them, if you please, with one of the house-maids," rejoined Mrs. Kage, whose tone, drawling as it was, bespoke quiet resolution. "And now about dinner? what have you ordered?"

Miss Canterbury was silent from sheer amazement.

"Can I see the housekeeper?"

"Mrs. Kage!" uttered the astounded Olive, "I do not understand this. The dinner was fixed upon some hours ago. It will prove satisfactory to Mrs. Canterbury, I have no doubt."

"I know what my dear pet likes; and she has begged me, in her letter, to take care that things are comfortable for her."

"As I trust they will be found," said the indignant Olive, whilst Jane stole out of the room, and Millicent bent over her cardboard with a heightened color. "Should there be any particular dish you wish added to the dinner, I will ascertain whether it can be done."

"I will see the housekeeper myself, dear," persisted Mrs. Kage, in the most gentlypolite tone imaginable, "and direct the alterations I may think necessary."

A flash of Olive's imperious temper broke out. She rose from her seat, not, however, lifting her voice to anger, though it was unmistakably firm.

"I have been mistress of the house for many years, Mrs. Kage, and I believe I have been found capable of conducting it. So long as I remain so—which will only be until the coming home of Mrs. Canterbury—I am in no need of assistance, and cannot permit interference. The dinner must be served this evening as I have ordered it."

"But you are shockingly rude, my dear, in saying this to my face; quite ill-bred."

"I think not. I do not wish to be."

"I am Mrs. Canterbury's mother."

"I do not forget it. As soon as Mrs. Canterbury enters the house, I give up all authority to her; until she does, I cannot yield the smallest portion of it, even to you. Forgive me for saying I am exceedingly surprised that you should wish it."

"Well, my dear Miss Canterbury, in showing this obstinacy in regard to your new mother I can but think you stand in the light of your own interests. However, let it pass; as you say, you have but an hour of further power; it does not much matter for that short time."

Olive clenched her hand on the beautiful table-cover, keeping down her passion; Millicent's brow burnt as she turned it—and could not help the look it bore—on Mrs. Kage. That lady glided off the sofa.

"And now, dears, you will ring for the upper housemaid. I will visit the rooms and see what changes may be expedient."

"No!" spoke Olive, her temper flashing out at last. "The rooms shall remain as they are, Mrs. Kage, until your daughter enters into possession of them."

Olive meant what she said, and Mrs. Kage saw it. All in a minute a doubt crossed that honorable lady whether her policy had been a safe one. So intensely afraid had she been ever since the marriage that perhaps her own influence at the Rock might not be what she fully purposed it should be, or that her daughter might find her sway corbed by the imperious and powerfully-willed Miss Canterbury, that she had come to the resolution of taking the bull by the horns and bringing her authority to bear before its time. A sentence in Mrs. Canterbury's letter, hoping things would be made comfortable for her, and that her mamma must see they were—though it is more than probable the writer had not exactly meant in the way of beds and tables, and dishes for dinner—had afforded Mrs. Kage the plea for coming up as she did. But had she been quite wise in doing so? In the doubt of it that came crossing her, she deemed it well to veer suddenly round to sweetness, and so disarm hostilities.

"Pray forgive me, my darling Miss Canterbury. It is quite an anomalous position that my poor child will be placed in, and I was so anxious to spare you trouble. If you do not feel the different arrangements as a worry, why, of course, I should not have wished to interfere. Caroline has a charming temper, I assure you, and I feel certain you will all be very happy together."

"I desire nothing better than that we should, Mrs. Kage," coldly spoke Miss Canterbury.

Mrs. Kage, amiably sweet, sank back on the sofa, after requesting that one of the lady's-maids might be called to carry away her things. Placing her fan and her various bottles on a small stand beside her, for she never went out without them, she flung some scent about and grew confidential.

"Of course, my dears, you are women of the world. At least, *you* are, my good Miss Canterbury; necessarily so from your age and position. Therefore I may speak without hesitation all the thoughts of my heart. To marry a man of Mr. Canterbury's years was a great sacrifice for a beautiful girl of eighteen. It is of no good mincing the fact; some things are as palpable as that much-talked-of problem in Euclid about the ass and the bridge, which my father, the Lord Gunse, was given to quote. But I am quite sure Caroline did not look upon the marriage in that light; she did not see it as a sacrifice, for she was in love with your father."

Olive made no reply. She began counting the stitches in her netting.

"Adored him, I may say," resumed Mrs. Kage, improving upon her tissue of falsehoods. "A-dored him. I saw it from nearly the first. Of course I naturally thought she would be averse to such an offer—might probably not listen to it. 'Now, my darling,' I said to her one day, 'there cannot be the smallest doubt what good Mr. Canterbury's intentions are; but let me implore of you, *don't* allow any thoughts of his wealth to influence you; *dis*-courage him if you do not like him.' 'Dearest mother,' the innocent lamb responded, 'it's not his wealth that will influence me, but himself; I *love* Mr. Canterbury.' And so, when I hear the impertinent world say that my daughter's was nothing but a marriage of interest—and that delightful old maid, Mr. Carlton's sister, said it to my face only yesterday—the remembrance of that outspoken avowal of Caroline's acts on my mind like a balm of comfort."

"I think your daughter could not have been quite indifferent to my father's wealth," said Olive, wishing the balm extended also to Mrs. Kage's tongue. But she did not wait to prolong the conversation; she left the room on the plea of seeing after Jane, leaving Leta as hostess.

"Ah, my dear, your sister would not say it if she knew all," said Mrs. Kage to Leta. "Caroline had the most magnificent prospect offered to her of going out to be a nabob's wife in India. And *he* was a young man."

"Indeed!"

"She received both the offers in one day. Your father's first, the other's next. He came miles and miles and miles to make it. 'Give up Mr. Canterbury for *him*!' she said indignantly. 'No; not though he could offer me all the rupees contained in Bengal.' 'Quite right, my sweet love,' I replied to her; 'never let vile gold sway your best affections.' And I say she was right."

Leta had lifted her head; her color was going and coming. Was it *possible* that this could be true? Too well she knew who it was that had come "miles and miles and miles" that past day. Unconsciously she let his name escape her—Thomas Kage.

"Well, yes, it was Thomas Kage, my dear Miss Leta," confessed the wily lady, a little taken aback at Leta's discernment. "I don't mind telling you; but you must not talk of it again. He began to love Caroline when we were at Little Bay; *I* was afraid of it; but—ah—some one contrived to throw me off the scent then. As the months went on, *he* went on, loving her all the more passionately; and as soon as he thought he could marry, through this Indian appointment being offered him, he came down to ask her to go out. Of course she said 'No,' Mr. Canterbury being in the way, for whom she had learnt to care, you see, Miss Leta; and Tom Kage went away with a broken heart. *I* saw that."

A distant sound of carriage-wheels was an excuse for Millicent's running to the window. Her face had turned white and cold as snow in winter.

Things that had appeared strange to her before were become suddenly clear. It was Caroline Kage he had loved; it was Caroline his visits had been intended for, not her; and Caroline—oh, it flashed upon her all too surely—had only been fooling her in prating of his love. She—Caroline herself—had loved him; and Millicent felt half sick at the thoughts instinct revealed to her. Too well she comprehended now the look, as of death, on Thomas Kage's face when they met in the privet walk; he had then been given up for the wealthy master of the Rock. Just as the bitterness of awaking had been his then, so was it now Millicent Canterbury's.

The sound of wheels drew nearer; the carriage came in view, its four horses prancing gayly up the park. It contained the gay bride and bridegroom; and Leta in the stir escaped to her chamber.

Caroline was looking charming, charming as a summer rose, as Mr. Canterbury handed her out of the carriage, and came in with her on his proud arm. Whatever the young wife had found the honeymoon, dull or spiritless, tame or more than a little wearying, *he* had thought it rapture. She was gay enough now in meeting them; she kissed her mother, she kissed Olive, she kissed Jane; she asked Neel how his wrist was (for the man had had a rather serious accident to it just before the wedding); she nodded to John; she won, in fact, all hearts.

"But where's Leta?"

Ah, where was Leta? Miss Canterbury thought Leta had been in the drawing-room to the last moment; Mrs. Kage confirmed it, saying Leta had been the one to announce to her their arrival. Of course it was supposed that Leta would turn-up from somewhere; and the pleased young wife went to her rooms.

She did not see Leta until just before dinner. Mrs. Canterbury was turning out of her boudoir rather swiftly, in the prettiest white-silk dress that young bride ever wore, with an amethyst necklace on her delicate neck, and caught Leta gliding swiftly by. She drew her in.

"Where have you been, Millicent, that you did not come to welcome me?"

But ere the question could be answered, Mrs. Canterbury obtained a better view of the face partially turned from her. A white cold face, more like a face of terror than aught else; certainly one that had a great deal of despair in it.

"Millicent, what is the matter?"

Never did there exist a more straightforward, open-natured girl than Millicent Canterbury. One single moment of inward battle with those feelings that seemed as if they had been outraged, insulted, deceived, and then she answered, looking full at the surprised questioner.

"Mrs. Canterbury, I have been thinking in my room whether to speak to you, or—or to bury it all for ever," said poor Millicent in a still tone, with pauses occasioned by her labored breath. "This minute alone with you has decided it. You did me a great wrong: why, when we were at Little Bay, and after it—for months after it—why did you feed me with the fable that he was in love with me?—he, Thomas Kage?"

A burning rush of color, fading away into a ghastly whiteness; a trembling, terrified, glittering stare in the beautiful violet-blue eyes: but Mrs. Canterbury gave no other answer.

"It was *you* he loved," continued Millicent. "He thought no more of me than of the idle wind that passes. You knew it all. Why did you deceive me? Only this day—an hour ago—have my eyes been opened. What had I done that you should have played upon me so cruel a joke?"

"I don't know what it is you are talking of," said Mrs. Canterbury, finding her tongue and her self-possession together. "I remember nothing about Thomas Kage, or you, or Little Bay. For goodness' sake don't attack me unnecessarily, Leta."

But the tone had a hard, shrill, hysterical wring in it, proving how powerfully the accusation had told upon her; and she went back into her chamber and shut the door abruptly, leaving Millicent standing there in her bitter pain. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEP'R 18, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—In order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $30—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to May 29th, containing the early portions of "THE LAST OF THE INCAS," by Gustave Aimard. Also a large variety of short stories, miscellaneous articles, &c.

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE," "THE RED-COURT FARM," &c.

In THE POST for July 24th, we commenced a new Serial with the above title, by our gifted contributor, Mrs. Henry Wood.

This will be an excellent opportunity to commence subscriptions to THE POST. We shall print an extra edition of the early numbers of this story—but those who wish it would do well to apply as soon as possible.

CLUBS.—Those who design raising Clubs for THE POST for the ensuing year, should go to work at once, before the ground is crowded with canvassers for other periodicals. The inducements we offer are so great, that there probably will be very little difficulty in filling up the lists. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained, (even when the lists, if large, are not full) in order that the forwarding of the paper may not be delayed.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

UNDER LOCK AND KEY. A Story. By T. W. SPEIGHT, author of "Brought to Light," "Foolish Margaret," &c. Our readers have read "Brought to Light," in our columns, and therefore they can have some idea of the quality of Mr. Speight's productions. Published by Turner Brothers, No. 808 Chestnut St., Philada.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE GREAT SOLAR ECLIPSE. The Philadelphia Photographer (an illustrated monthly devoted to Photography) for September contains four photographs of different phases of the Great Solar Eclipse, August 7th, 1869, together with a full report of the Government astronomical and photographic expedition sent to Iowa to observe and photograph the eclipse. Those who were not privileged to see the great phenomena will be much gratified by these. There are two views before, one during, and one after totality. The Photographer is 50 cts. per copy. Benerman & Wilson, Publishers, S. W. cor. Seventh and Cherry St., Philada.

THE AMERICAN ANNUAL CYCLOPÆDIA AND REGISTER OF IMPORTANT EVENTS FOR THE YEAR 1868, has just appeared, and makes the eighth annual volume that has been issued, and the twenty-fourth volume of Appleton's American Cyclopædia. The particular topic of interest in this volume, are the history of the various steps in the reconstruction of the Southern states and the re-organization of the South; the impeachment of the President and the acquisition of Alaska; the revolutions in Spain and Cuba, the Abyssinian war, and the war between Brazil and Paraguay. In the history of the progress of mechanical industry, accounts, with full illustrations, are given of the Pacific Railway, the Suez Canal, the Mt. Cenis and the Hoosac tunnels, and the Sewage embankment of the Thames. The alarming and destructive earthquakes of 1868, are also noticed fully, as well as the Texas Cattle disease in the United States. The developments in astronomical, chemical, and other sciences, and the geographical discoveries of the year, are narrated at length. Steel engravings are given of Vice President Schuyler Colfax, Hon. William E. Gladstone, Premier of Great Britain, and General Juan Prim. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by James K. Simon, No. 29 South Sixth St., Philada.

MAN IN GENESIS AND IN GEOLOGY; or, The Biblical Account of Man's Creation tested by Scientific Theories of his Origin and Antiquity. By JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, D. D., LL. D. Dr. Thompson's object is to set forth in this book certain principles of adjustment between Science and the Bible. The theories of Darwin, Owen, and others, are discussed at length. The Sabbath question and the Woman question are also treated in their bearing upon the provision for Man as a religious and social creature. Published by S. R. Wells, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

RUBY GRAY'S STRATEGY. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Fashion and Famine," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

The Heiress of Abbotsford.

"When one remembers the herculean toils of Water Scott to purchase and adorn Abbotsford, as the future home of his family for many generations, it is melancholy to reflect that his family is entirely extinct, and the place fast going to decay."

As the above paragraph is now going the rounds of the papers, and has found its way into the columns of several usually well-informed journals, we think it time to correct its misstatements. Sir Walter's family is not extinct, nor is his loved domain going to decay. Abbotsford, when we visited it, was in the most perfect order; and a friend, who was there in July, writes to us that the grounds have been beautified and improved in various ways, since his previous visit during the summer of 1855. The only change made in this most interesting mediæval mansion, since the death of Sir Walter Scott, is the addition, to the north end of the building, of a Romish chapel, its present occupant being a member of that Church.

"The great unknown" died on a sunny September day, 1832, realizing, before he passed away, in reference to all his fame, honor, and renown, the truth of Solomon: "Vanity of vanities, sayeth the preacher—all is vanity and vexation of spirit." He left four children—Walter, who succeeded to the baronetcy; Charles; Sophia, the wife of John Gibson Lockhart; and Anne, who died on the 25th of June, 1839, her health and high spirits being broken by her father's misfortunes, and the care with which she had attended Sir Walter and Lady Scott in their last illnesses. Her sister Sophia died four years afterward, in May, 1837. When Lockhart concluded his Life of his father-in-law, he said: "There remain of Sir Walter's race only his two sons, Walter, his successor in the baronetcy, major in the 15th Regiment of Hussars, and Charles, a clerk in the office of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, with two children left by their sister Sophia—a boy and a girl." Charles died a few years after Mrs. Lockhart, leaving his elder brother, Walter, to perpetuate the name of the author of "Waverly." Walter was six feet one, and as handsome a fellow as ever put foot in a stirrup. He married, but died at the Cape of Good Hope, 1847, without issue. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Walter Scott, Bart, was succeeded by Walter Scott Lockhart, a cornet in the 18th Lancers, the only son of the editor of the Quarterly Review, and the only grandson of the great author. He, too, passed away childless, many years ago, and was succeeded by his sister Charlotte, wife of James Hope, the eminent parliamentary counsel, who took the name of Scott on the death of his brother-in-law Walter Scott Lockhart. Mary Monica Hope Scott, a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, whose next birthday will occur on the 5th of October, when she will be seventeen years of age, is the sole survivor of the Scotts of Abbotsford, her mother having passed away, a few summers since, to join two of her children who preceded her to

"Those everlasting gardens
Where angels walk and seraphs are the wardens,"

leaving this fair young girl as the only representative of all that noble race, Mr. Hope Scott has since married a daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, and erected the Romish chapel, he and his wife being members of that Church. Miss Scott, the great grandchild of Sir Walter by the female side, is the heiress of Abbotsford house and estate, her father being merely the administrator, in respect to the property, at present. Should Mary Monica marry, her husband must take the name of Scott; and, should she die without issue, then the property, but not the title, which is now extinct, will revert to the nephews of Sir Walter, sons of his elder brother Thomas, who reside in Canada. Thus, although there is no hope of founding a family in the direct male line, there may yet exist a long line of Scotts of Abbotsford.

Strange and sad is the fatality which has attended the family of the modern Shakspeare. Sir Walter's brothers all died young. His sons and daughters were summoned early to the silent land. Lockhart, his gifted son-in-law, died broken-hearted, in 1854; and Scott's daughter-in-law, the pretty heiress of Lochore, has also gone to the mysterious realm whence no traveller returns. Let us hope that the surviving scion of the great minstrel's race may be long spared, that she may hand down to posterity the name and the features of the distinguished Scotchman whose presence was so dear to the generation who knew and revered him, and whose genius is one of the brightest inheritances of his native land!—*Appleton's Journal.*

☞ Three hundred and five thousand Union soldiers will be interred in the various National Cemeteries when they are completed.

☞ The London Lancet writes of "the Waist of the Period," and says its "old friend, tight lacing, has again made its appearance."

☞ The Pope recently inflicted a penance on the whole court by going to the *scala santa*, or stairs of Pilate, and mounting to the top on his knees. Of course all the high functionaries were obliged to follow, and it was a rare sight to see the throng, old and young, slim and fat, kneeling their way up, stair by stair, with the Pope at their head.

☞ A SAD MISTAKE.—A gentleman made a sad mistake the other day, in mentally deciding that a grass widow must necessarily be verdant. He acted upon that basis, and found that the emerald hue was all his own side of the house.

☞ Lowell, Massachusetts, since New Year's Day, has had sixteen suicide cases, chiefly of young girls.

Play as an Educater.

In a journal of Athens, Greece, The Polistor, we find: "Mr. Betant, Professor of Greek Literature in Geneva, Switzerland, has had the kindness to send us some journals and pamphlets about Kindergartens lately established. We have examined this method in its principal leading ideas and in its particulars, and found, to our great surprise, the development and realization of what thousands of years ago Plato considered as the main point in the development of man from his infancy. In adapting education in the Kindergarten to nature, and admitting children of the most tender age, no other means than play are resorted to. Plato had the same ideas, as we will perceive in turning to a paragraph in his 'Laws,' which read as follows: 'I say that it has been hitherto overlooked in all states, that plays have the mightiest influence on the maintenance or non-maintenance of laws, for if those plays are conducted according to laws or rules, and children are always pursuing their amusement in the same manner, and find pleasure in it, it is not to be feared that they break laws, the end of which is more serious.' In the 'Republic,' Plato again expresses himself almost in the same manner. He says:

"'From the first years the plays of children ought to be subject to strict laws, for if those plays and those who take part in them are arbitrary and lawless, how can they ever become virtuous men, abiding by and obedient to law? If, on the contrary, children are early trained to submit to law in their plays, the love for those laws enters their souls with the music accompanying them; it never leaves them, and helps in their development.' In scrutinising Froebel's method it is strikingly evident that it is nothing else than the explanation, or a detailed commentary to these words of Plato, which had hitherto remained unintelligible and unappreciated. It is easily to be seen that, in our time, when so many new schemes of education have been discussed, it was Froebel who has taken the suggestion that Plato gave in his beautiful language, and made play the basis of his grand educational schemes—play which he has developed organically in all its directions. The anarchy or arbitrariness of play he subjects to the laws; he subjects it even to the laws of rhythm, as Plato says, because so many of his plays are accompanied by music."

Tough Story.

The Hamilton (Ontario) Times tells the following story respecting Mr. Jasper Hurrell, who, it says, is well known as one of the most accomplished musicians in that city:—In the month of October last, Mr. Hurrell prided himself on a luxuriant growth of beard and moustache, while his head was covered with a profusion of curling locks of a dark brown color. His complexion was florid, and features well marked, indicating at a glance an age of about 28 or 30 years. At the time mentioned a remarkable process of change commenced. First the hair and beard of the gentleman came out, until not the least trace was left of any hitherto growth. The complexion of the face changed to a delicate hue, but at the same time retaining a healthy flush, while the skin became soft and smooth as that of a child, all traces of any beard being entirely eradicated. A new and vigorous growth of hair presented itself, but of a light flaxen color, and soft and fine as that of an infant. Even the color of the eyebrows have changed, and the gentleman in every feature has undergone a wonderful transformation, and to all appearances has receded in age to a youth of 18 or 20. Mr. Hurrell's most intimate friends of nine months since would be unable to recognize him at present, and would readily dispute his identity on oath, unless informed of the change he has undergone, like unto one who had been born again. The case presents an interesting study for the scientific.

☞ The Danbury Times thus epitomizes the characteristics of Connecticut cities:—"New Haven enjoys more accidents and affrays than any other city in the state; Waterbury has the most scandal cases; Hartford is distinguished for its annual meetings; Bridgeport for its fires; Danbury wins general regard for its runaways; Norwich and New London are prominent for nothing in particular; Middletown glories in being the abutment for the largest bridge in the world; Norwalk is noted for its dirty streets; and Stamford for its casualties."

☞ "I am old enough," says Smollet, in a letter to his friend Garrick, "to have seen and observed that we are all playthings of fortune; and that it depends upon something as insignificant and precarious as the tossing up of a half-penny whether a man rises to affluence and honors, or continues to his dying day struggling with difficulties and disgraces of life."

☞ A servant girl in Altoona recently tried whiskey to kill rats. She sweetened it with sugar, soaked bread in it and then left the bread in the cellar where rats "most do congregate." She had been up stairs but half an hour, when she heard laughing, singing, and a general bullaballoo down stairs. She accordingly went down to see what was the matter. Imagine her astonishment to find about a dozen rats gloriously fuddled, engaged in throwing potato parings at each other, and hauling one another up to drink.

☞ Count Bismark was recently interviewed by a correspondent of the Flying Dragon, a Chinese journal published in San Francisco. The correspondent assured the author of the North German Confederation that the Celestials regarded him as the inventor of the needle gun. The Count modestly replied that the inventor's name was Dreyse—but the journalist declared that it had already been credited to Bismark in the sacred and imperial records of the Celestial Empire, and could not be changed. He thought, however, that Dreyse might be inserted as the Count's Christian name.

☞ A gentleman is one who has no business in this world.

☞ An old lady was asked what she thought of the eclipse. She replied—"Well, it proved *one* thing, and that is, that the papers don't always tell lies."

☞ An Irishman, hearing of a friend who had a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed—"That's a good idea. Sureau' a stone coffin ud' last a man a lifetime."

☞ A correspondent writes to say that a still smaller man than Knee-high-miah is mentioned in the Bible; Bill Dadd of Shoe Height (Job 18: 1.)

☞ Mistrust the man who finds every thing good, the man who finds every thing evil, and, still more, the man who is indifferent to every thing.

Taking it Out of the Guide.

FROM MARK TWAIN'S "INNOCENTS ABROAD."

But we have taken it out of this guide. He has marched us through miles of pictures and sculpture in the vast corridors of the Vatican; and through miles of pictures and sculpture in twenty other palaces; he has shown us the great picture in the Sistine Chapel, and frescoes enough to fresco the heavens—pretty much all done by Michael Angelo. So with him we have played that game which has vanquished so many guides for us—imbecility and idiotic questions. These creatures never suspect—they have no idea of a sarcasm.

He shows us a figure and says: "Statoo brunzo." (Bronze statue.)

We look at it indifferently and the doctor asks: "By Michael Angelo?"

"No—not know who."

Then he shows us the ancient Roman Forum. The doctor asks "Michael Angelo?"

A stare from the guide. "No—thousan' year before he is born."

Then an Egyptian obelisk. Again: "Michael Angelo?"

"Oh, *mon dieu*, genteelmen! Zis is *two* thousan' year before he is born!"

He grows so tired of that unceasing question sometimes, that he dreads to show us anything at all. The wretch has tried all the ways he can think of to make us comprehend that Michael Angelo is only responsible for the creation of a *part* of the world, but somehow he has not succeeded yet. Relief for overtasked eyes and brain from study and sight-seeing is necessary, or we shall become idiotic sure enough. Therefore this guide must continue to suffer. If he does not enjoy it, so much the worse for him. We do.

In this place I may as well jot down a chapter concerning those necessary nuisances, European guides. Many a man has wished in his heart he could do without his guide; but knowing he could not, has wished he could get some amusement out of him as a remuneration for the affliction of his society. We accomplished this latter matter, and if our experience can be made useful to others they are welcome to it.

Guides know about enough English to tangle everything up so that a man can make neither head or tail of it. They know their story by heart—the history of every statue, painting, cathedral or other wonder they show you. They know it, and tell it as a parrot would—and if you interrupt, and throw them off the track, they have to go back and begin over again. All their lives long, they are employed in showing strange things to foreigners and listening to their bursts of admiration. It is human nature to take delight in exciting admiration. It is what prompts children to say "smart" things, and do absurd ones, and in other ways "show off" when company is present. It is what makes gossips turn out in rain and storm to go and be the first to tell a startling bit of news. Think, then, what a passion it becomes with a guide, whose privilege it is, every day, to show to strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstasies of admiration! He gets so that he could not by any possibility live in a sober atmosphere. After we discovered this, we *never* went into ecstasies any more—we never admired anything—we never showed any but impassible faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We have made good use of it ever since. We have made some of those people savage, at times, but we have never lost our own serenity.

The doctor asks the questions, generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more imbecility into the tone of his voice than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattrass. He was full of animation—full of impatience. He said:

"Come wis me, genteelmen!—come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!"

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger:

"What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! handwriting Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!"

We looked indifferent—unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest:

"Ah—Ferguson—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

Another deliberate examination.

"Ah—did he write it himself, or—or how?"

"He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo! he's own hand-writing, write by himself!"

Then the doctor laid the document down and said:

"Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that."

"But zis is ze great Christo—"

"I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you musn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out!—and if you haven't, drive on!"

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said:

"Ah, genteelmen, you come wis me! I show you beautiful, O, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo!—splendid, grand, magnificent!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust—for it *was* beautiful—and sprang back and struck an attitude:

"Ah, look, genteelmen!—beautiful, grand,—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put up his eye-glass—procured for such occasions:

"Ah—what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo—ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Christopher Colombo—the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?"

"Discover America!—discover America, oh, so devil!"

"Discover America. No—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo—pleasant name—is—is he dead?"

"Oh, corpo di Baccho!—three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know!—I can not tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not, know, genteelmen!—I do not know *what* he die of!"

"Measles, likely?"

"May be—may be—I do *not* know—I think he die of somethings."

"Parents living?"

"Im-possecble!"

"Ah—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Santa Maria!—*sis* ze bust!—*sis* ze pedestal!"

"Ah, I see, I see—happy combination—very happy combination, indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

That joke was lost on the foreigner—guides can not master the subtleties of the American joke.

We have made it interesting for this Roman guide. Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican, again, that wonderful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing interest, sometimes—even admiration—it was very hard to keep from it. We succeeded though. Nobody else ever did, in the Vatican museums. The guide was bewildered—non-plussed. He walked his legs off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but it was a failure; we never showed any interest in any thing. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure, this time, that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him:

"See, genteelmen!—Mummy! Mummy!"

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah,—Ferguson—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?"

"Name?—he got no name!—Mummy!—'Gyptian mummy!"

"Yes, yes. Born here?"

"No! '*Gyptian* mummy!"

"Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?"

"No!—*not* Frenchman, not Roman!—born in Egypta!"

"Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy—mummy. How calm he is—how self-possessed. Is, ah—is he dead?"

"Oh, *sacre bleu*, been dead three thousan' year!"

The doctor turned on him savagely:

"Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this! Playing us for Chinamen because we are strangers and trying to learn! Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on *us!*—thunder and lightning, I've a notion to—to—if you've got a nice *fresh* corpse, fetch him out!—or by George we'll brain you!"

We make it exceedingly interesting for this Frenchman. However, he has paid us back, partly, without knowing it. He came to the hotel this morning to ask if we were up, and he endeavored as well as he could to describe us, so that the landlord would know which persons he meant. He finished with the casual remark that we were lunatics. The observation was so innocent and so honest that it amounted to a very good thing for a guide to say.

There is one remark (already mentioned,) which never yet has failed to disgust these guides. We use it always, when we can think of nothing else to say. After they have exhausted their enthusiasm pointing out to us and praising the beauties of some ancient bronze image or broken-legged statue, we look at it stupidly and in silence for five, ten, fifteen minutes—as long as we can hold out, in fact—and then ask:

"Is—is he dead?"

That conquers the serenest of them. It is not what they are looking for—especially a new guide. Our Roman Ferguson is the most patient, unsuspecting, long-suffering subject we have had yet. We shall be sorry to part with him. We have enjoyed his society very much. We trust he has enjoyed ours, but we are harassed with doubts.

☞ The coal breaker of the Avondale mine at Plymouth, near Scranton, Pa., caught fire on the 6th, and the shaft of the mine became choked with burning rubbish. 108 men and boys were in the mine, and they all perished. After the rubbish was cleared away, four men who descended into the mine were suffocated. Fifty women are made widows by this awful disaster.

☞ A young man sent some money to a New York firm to get something good "for those contemplating matrimony." He received several bottles of soothing syrup.

☞ Mr. Banting brings the history of his experience down to the May of this year. During five years he has never varied in weight more than a few pounds, and he has even ventured to experiment with the forbidden elements of diet, in order to discover which was the most productive of fat. Sugar takes the lead.

☞ A young lady explained to a printer, the other day, the distinction between printing and publishing, and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said: "You may print a kiss on my cheek, but you must not publish it."

☞ Some discontents in Tom's River, N. J., wanted to change the name of their town, but were decisively voted down at a meeting which "Resolved, That those who don't like the way we do things here, can leave."

☞ DESTROY EVIL.—I would not deprive life of a single grace or a single enjoyment, but I would counteract whatever is pernicious in whatever is elegant. If among my flowers there is a snake I would not root up my flowers; I would kill the snake.

☞ Curran, who was Master of the Rolls in Ireland in 1811, tells a characteristic anecdote of a member of the Irish Parliament. Boasting of his attachment to the jury system, "Mr. Speaker," said he, "with trial by jury I have lived, and, by the blessing of God, with trial of jury I will die!" "What!" said Curran, in a stage-whisper, "do you mean to be hanged, Jack?"

☞ San Francisco storekeepers make a good thing out of a lack of five cent bits. Their smallest piece is now a dime, and the next, of necessity, twenty-five cents. If the price of a thing is a dime, and you give them a quarter, they will give you a dime change.

The Labor Market.

The residents on the Pacific coast are setting up a great and unnecessary hue and cry about the introduction of Chinese labor. In various ways a set of men who are continually whining about the grasping nature of capital, the selfishness of the rich, the grinding power of monopolies, and other similar grievances, real or imaginary, permit it to appear that they are themselves bent on establishing a monopoly of the most oppressive character in one of the commonest articles of supply and demand. The opposition to Chinese immigration, where it is not merely speculative or altogether political, springs from the fear that it may operate adversely to the formation of the intended grand "corner" in the labor market. The New York Journal of Commerce, in a well written article upon this subject, says:—"The telegraph is continually burdened, and the local columns of our exchanges constantly replete, with the movement of men, who it is doubtless true, have some legitimate and worthy objects to advance, but whose main purpose is to create and maintain an artificial scarcity of labor, especially of skilled labor; to preserve for themselves a monopoly of it, and consequently to extort from employers a higher price for it than it is worth, or would be worth if left to seek its own level. It is a remarkable feature of this conspiracy—for it deserves no softer name—that it is not merely the common feud of the poor against the rich, or the employee against the employer, but it is likewise the man who is compelled to labor for a living against the man who also must labor, steal, or starve. One of these, having got a round further up on the ladder than the other, by acquiring a trade or occupation, straightway sets his wits to work to pull the ladder up after him, so that nobody can follow, unless there is more to do than he chooses to monopolize for himself. This is what the trades unions are everywhere doing. They dictate to employers how many apprentices they may take to learn their respective trades; and of course the number is determined not by the number of youths willing and competent to learn, but by the resolution of the conspirators to maintain an artificial scarcity in the branches of labor they control. The unions may plead that they thus monopolize such branches only, and that persons excluded therefrom may seek other kinds of employment; but the apology does not alter the character of their proceedings; and besides, if the principle is an honest one, its application is universal, in which case it amounts to a declaration that only a certain limited portion of mankind shall have the right to earn its own living at all. If the other portion happen to be born rich, very well; if poor, we see no alternative for the unlucky ones but to beg, steal, or as soon as possible to get altogether out of a world where they are not wanted, and where they are forbidden even the opportunity to fulfill the divine command to eat their bread in the sweat of their brows. It is perhaps not generally known that the monopoly of labor of some kinds is so strict, and the tyranny of the unions so rigid, that an employer is forbidden to do any part of his own work, with his own hands, under penalty of a "strike."

"Now and Then."

Salvatori Patti is dead. He died in Paris, and that fact was considered of sufficient importance to be telegraphed across the ocean, and to all parts of the world. Not a great many years since he lived in New York with a very large family, among whom were Adelina and Carlotta, his daughters, who have since become famous in every civilized capital in the world. In New York the father sang for Palmo in his little Chambers street opera-house, now the U. S. Marshal's office, and taught music, all his efforts realizing scarcely more than a bare living; while the girls sang at concerts and ranked as persons not calculated to win any particular distinction. Now Adelina is a Marquise, can command her thousands for a single night's service, has courts at her feet, blazes with diamonds and other precious stones, and shares the public attention with royalty. Carlotta, too, receives her hundreds of thousands of dollars for her concert singing. She comes here this fall by the way, after an absence of many years, to fill a vacuum in musical entertainment that has existed so long that we have all become accustomed to it. She comes to give first class concerts. It is likely that where she was once a girl scarcely noticed, she will now be the queen of the concert saloon, if not of the operatic stage.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

Uses of Mosquitos.

The uses of mosquitos in the natural economy have at last been discovered. A writer in the Kaleidoscope declares the mosquito to be the enemy of malaria. In his infantile state, when he has but two eyes and a head and a tail, he purifies all stagnant waters. "Where they most breed and haunt," says Shakspeare, "I have observed the air is delicate." Try the experiment. Take two water-butts and fill them with fresh water. Close one with a close-fitting top, and expose the other to the warm summer air. The latter will soon be filled with the larvæ of these industrious little members of the Board of Health. They will devour all decaying substances, and keep the water sweet and pure. In the other closed butt the water will gradually become impure, the procreant nest of fever and ague, of intermittent and bilious fevers. Open the cover, and it is like opening Pandora's box. The miasmatic vapor will spread its filthy wings, and fly over the land, spreading contagion and quinine everywhere.

☞ Gen. Rawlins, Secretary of War, died in Washington on the 6th, in the 39th year of his age. Senator Fessenden, of Maine, died on the 8th, at Portland, in the 63d year of his age.

IMPORTANT to Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, their parents, widows, orphans to call on or write to U. S. League & Co., No. 125 South 7th st., Philadelphia. sept-1y

---

☞ The London papers record a very unusual occurrence on a Sunday afternoon, in connection with the burning of a cottage in a certain section of that city. After the fire had been subdued, an investigation was ordered, resulting in clearly showing the igniting cause to have been the sun's rays setting fire to a swallow's nest under the eaves.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT are the safest and best remedies known for the whooping cough. A few doses of the Pills, with the Ointment at same time rubbed thoroughly into the chest and throat will relieve the most violent cases.

Classical and Common German.

The Hon. Julian C. Verplanck, now an octogenarian, maintains the same lively interest in our benevolent institutions that he did fifty years ago, when he aided in organizing the Historical Society. As President of the Board of Commissioners of Emigrants, and as a Regent of the University, he is as active as any of his associates. At the recent meeting of the Regents of the University he confirmed the remark of Professor Martin, that the mass of our German immigrants are not acquainted with the classical speech of Germany, by an anecdote of the eminent Dr. Lieber. Dr. Lieber had occasion to visit the eastern part of the city of New York, which is largely occupied by Germans, and when there asked, in his native tongue, some direction at a German store which he entered. To his surprise, the man, himself also a German, was wholly unable to understand him, and he was obliged to apply elsewhere for the information. This application, too, was unsuccessful; the same result attended a third inquiry; and not till he came to the fourth or fifth man did he find one who could understand the standard German of Berlin and the books.

Science Advances.

As soon as an article purporting to be of utility has been tested, and its merits endorsed by public opinion, unprincipled parties endeavor to replenish their depleted purses by counterfeiting, and substituting a spurious for the genuine article. Some time since, mercury, in the disguise of pills, powders, &c., was given for all diseases of the stomach and liver, while quinine was freely administered for the chills. At length HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS made its advent, and an entire new system of healing was inaugurated. The beneficial effects of this valuable preparation were at once acknowledged, and mineral poisons suffered to sink into that obscurity to which an enlightened age has consigned them. There have been many spurious Bitters palmed upon the community, which, after trial, have been found perfectly worthless, while HOSTETTER'S has proved a blessing to thousands, who owe to it their restoration to health, and for many years we have watched the steady progress of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS in public estimation, and its beneficient effects as a cure for all complaints arising from the stomach of a morbid nature, and we are free to say that it can be relied upon as a certain relief and remedy. Its proprietors have made the above preparation, after years of careful study and sitting, and are now reaping the reward claimed by this valuable specific, and which they so richly merit. It is the only preparation of the kind that is reliable in all cases, and it therefore demands the attention of the afflicted. sep11 2t

---

☞ The Charleston Courier is informed by a correspondent that in the upper part of South Carolina there lives a young ex-Confederate soldier, whose leg was amputated during the war, near the thigh. After amputation the wound rapidly healed, and he was sent home. About a year after a fleshy protuberance was seen to grow out of the flesh, which, in the course of a few months, took the shape of a foot, and since that time it has been growing from his thigh, which, in a year or so, promises to supply the loss of his leg in the first instance. If this be true, it is the most wonderful freak of Dame Nature that has ever ever come to our knowledge.

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, B. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers,

sep25-1y T. W. EVANS & Co.,
139 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

☞ Thomas Carlyle, the distinguished English author, recently gave his opinion of the condition of America in terms less remarkable for flattery than for force. "As sure as the Lord reigns," said he, "you are rushing down to hell with desperate velocity. The scum of the world has got possession of your country, and nothing can save you from the devil's clutches. Not, perhaps," said he, raising his voice to its shrillest notes, "a hell burning with material fire and brimstone, but the wide, weltering, fiery chaos of corruption in high places, and the misrule of the people. A fine republic that! England follows in its train, and is even now on the brink of the infernal precipice—and hell below!"

Dr. Gourand's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

This preparation has acquired a reputation which makes it sought after by ladies coming from or going to the most distant countries, for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying qualities. Like all other of Dr. GOURAUD'S preparations this has extended its sale until it has become a specialty by its own merits, and is not the creature of mere advertising notoriety. It is recommended from one customer to another on actual knowledge of its value and utility. Prepared by Dr. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, removed from 453 Broadway, New York, and to be had of all druggists. je26-3m

---

☞ An old maid of reputed wealth married her coachman, who knew more about horses that he did of grammar, and she was in the habit of correcting his grammatical mistakes. One night he came home rather late, bringing with him an over amount of "jig juice," and arriving at the front door, he made quite a racket in his demands for entrance. The ex-maid opened an upper window and asked: "Who's there?" "It's *me*," said the inebriated champion of "trotting stock." "It's *I*, my darling," corrected his "partner of joy." "It's *you*, is it? Well, things have come to a pretty pass, when I don't know myself," retorted "Conchy;" and shortly afterwards he received a lesson in the "parts of speech."

ASTHMA, Rose Colds, Hay Fever, &c., no sufferer should be without *JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA. It is an unfailing cure for* these distressing complaints. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., sole proprietors, Boston. Sold by all druggists. jy31-3t

Sowing and Reaping.

One day the master of Lukman (an Eastern fabulist) said to him, "Go into such a field and sow barley." Lukman sowed oats instead. At the time of harvest his master went to the place, and seeing the green oats springing up, asked him, "Did I not tell you to sow barley here? Why then have you sown oats?" He answered, "I sowed oats in the hope that barley would grow up." His master said, "What foolish idea is this? Have you ever heard of the like?" Lukman replied, "You yourself are constantly sowing in the field of the world the seeds of evil, and yet expect to reap in the resurrection day the fruits of virtue! Therefore I thought, also, I might get barley by sowing oats!" The master was abashed by the reply, and set Lukman free.

R. R. R.
Radway's Ready Relief
Cures the Worst Pains in from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one

SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every pain.

It was the first, and is

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations and cures congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the *RHEUMATIC*, bed-ridden, infirm, crippled, nervous, neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT RELIEF.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPTHERIA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts, where the pain or difficulty exists, will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, bilious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by *RADWAY'S PILLS*), so quick as *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF*. Fifty cents per bottle.

Dr. Radway's Perfect Purgative Pills, Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Sold by Druggists. aug7-tf

☞ A New York contemporary says:—"There are only two kinds of buildings now being erected in this city—tenement houses and palaces."

To Owners of Horses and Cattle.

TOBIAS' DERBY CONDITION POWDERS are warranted superior to any others, or no pay, for the cure of Distemper, Worms, Bots, Coughs, Hide-bound, Colds, &c., in Horses; and Colds, Coughs, Loss of Milk, Black Tongue, Horn Distemper, &c., in Cattle. They are perfectly safe and innocent; no need of stopping the working of your animals. They increase the appetite, give a fine coat, cleanse the stomach and urinary organs; also increase the milk of cows. Try them and you will never be without them. The late Hiram Woodruff, celebrated trainer of trotting horses, used them for years. Col. Philo. P. Bush, of the Jerome Race Course, Fordham, N. Y., would not use them until he was told of what they are composed, since which he is never without them. He has over twenty running horses in his charge, and for the last three years has used no other medicine for them. He has kindly permitted me to refer any one to him. Over 1000 other references can be seen at the depot.

Sold by druggists and saddlers. Price, 25 cts. per box. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. sep4-4t

---

☞ An Englishman has started in a canoe to paddle himself from New Jersey to Texas. He has made extended journeys of this kind in Europe.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of July, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. JAMES H. HINKLE to Miss ADDIE C. MCCALLY, both of this city.

On the 11th of Aug., by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. GEORGE A. WALT, of Columbus, Ohio, to Miss SUSAN HAMILTON, of Delaware City, Del.

On the 29th of Aug., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. GEORGE W. WINTER to Miss MARY E. COLLINS, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. P. S. Henson, JAMES A. GRIFFITHS to HELEN BLANCHARD, both of this city.

On the 17th of Aug., by the Rev. T. W. Simpers, Mr. THURSTON N. JONES to Miss REBECCA D. W. WILSON, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, CHARLES P. RUSHTON to BRULAH, daughter of Israel L. Fish, Esq., of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, WILLET A. COMLY, in his 44th year.

On the 7th instant, CATHARINE R. PAUL, in her 75th year.

On the 7th instant, SAMUEL BLOOM, in his 84th year.

On the 6th instant, MRS. ELIZABETH KENNEDY, in her 74th year.

On the 6th instant, CHARLES A. DEANEY, in his 23d year.

On the 5th instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Mr. Wm. Ruddock, aged 54 years.

On the 5th instant, THOMAS S. LOUDENBACK, in his 24th year.

On the 4th instant, WILLIAM HANNA, in his 40th year.

On the 4th instant, RICHARD D. CARTER, in his 38th year.

THE EVENING WIND.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea.

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight:
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade, go forth—
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning from the innumerable boughs
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast;
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtain to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of Nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

Words to the Wise.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY HATTIE BOYER.

Most Americans travelling abroad think they are doing themselves an injustice and their nationality a wrong, if they do not throw away their money with a recklessness only equalled by the manner of its acquisition. Some do this out of pure hearty generosity—characteristic of our countrymen collectively and of other nations only in individual cases. That generosity, which, having much, desires to bestow much, and follows the good-natured wish with the good-natured deed. The generosity which flings a dollar to the flunkey who has only earned quarter of it, and fifty cents to the lazy *lazzaroni* who has earned nothing.

But it is a fact, painfully true, that the majority of Americans, now in Europe, belong to the ill-bred, ostentatious class, who expect to be educated migratively; to be polished in some occult manner, to be raised to a higher plane of mental capacity by a mysterious process coincident with the new dishes they eat of, and the new wines they drink of, and the new people, ways or languages about them. These, dimly conscious of a lack in themselves, hope to conciliate, to inspire external respect, and deprecate deserved criticism by a lavish and vulgar expenditure, which gains no other return than a polite and slightly amused French stare, a contemptuous German shrug, or the "insular scorn" of your true Britisher.

In no more marked manner is this reckless expenditure shown, than in the choice of hotels and railway carriages.

An American in Paris goes as a thing of course to the Grande Hotel or Hotel du Louvre. What matter that the place is crowded and noisy, the apartments skyward, the waiters tardy and flippant, the comforts disputable, and the bill indisputable! *Pater familias* or *Sposa*, as the case may be, pays the cost thankfully, and thinks he has "done the thing up brown, anyhow."

We know a little hotel in Paris, on the Rue Lafitte, directly opposite Rothschild's Banking House, yclept Hotel de Dunquerque. It is just two minutes' walk from the Boulevard des Italiens, the Broadway of Paris. It is modest and unpretending, so much so indeed that arriving there early one winter morning and viewing its physiognomy, we were rather inclined to cavil at the friend who had recommended us to such common-place quarters. But on entering, what warmth of sparkling wood fires greeted us! What cheerful, luxuriously furnished apartments opened to receive us! What delicious adjuncts of soft mattresses and spotless linen refreshed our weariness and lulled us off to sleep! A neat, rosy-cheeked *femme de chambre*, pleasant-faced as a friend, took our orders, and replied to our queries in pretty broken English—we have always wondered whether our own broken French sounds half so well. The *dejeuners* and *diners* were always delicious, the servants attentive and smiling, and looking altogether as though it were the principal pleasure in their lives to wait on us. (It's enough to give one the dyspepsia to be served by an acid-visaged domestic, and we have always made it a principle, based on Hygiene, to sweeten or dismiss them.)

In our train followed illness and death; but the pleasant-faced little *femme de chambre* never failed us, and the proprietress—Madame Dorf, was motherly in her attention and invaluable in her suggestions—and the waiters waited on our repeated and wearisome calls promptly and willingly, and smiled on us to the last. And in all those weary weeks we could not cease our self-congratulations that we had chosen our resting place so wisely.

We make no doubt that some one, intending to sail in the next steamer, perhaps, will read this article and lay it down, saying, "That's all very well, but I'm going to Paris to see Paris, and to lodge at the biggest hotel I can find." *We* went to that great, beautiful city to search for pleasure and recreation, and found illness and death—who can tell what shall next befall them? If we could only impress on travellers the *superior comforts* of the *smaller* hotels in England and on the continent, not only in cases of chance illness, but for all those common-place, daily luxuries which travellers seek for and require, we should consider the time spent on this article well spent indeed.

With regard to railway carriages, we have read somewhere, recently, that "only noblemen, fools and Americans travel first class," and have been struck with the truthful sarcasm of the remark. Most second class carriages are nearly as comfortable as first class ones—the difference so slight as to be unnoticeable by one absorbed in viewing the surrounding country. The cost is lessened by almost one half. Foreigners, English people particularly, without being penurious, wisely think that a penny saved is a penny gained, since with them to travel second class causes such an almost imperceptible diminution of comfort, no loss of caste, and a comfortable saving of pocket money at the end of the journey.

An American fancies that not to travel first class with noblemen implies that he is not as good as a nobleman, which would be a blow to his pride personally, and a thrust at his nationality through his individuality. For every American abroad fancies that to be an American is to be on a social footing with the Prince of Wales; a theory which, whether true or false, raises the irascibility of the Englishman to an immeasurable and laughable extent.

We were particularly struck with the ridiculousness of this pride by an instance which came under our own observation at Brussels. Two pretty, sweet-looking, kind-hearted American girls, were starting under care of their brother for Ostende, the watering place of Belgium. They had with them, from the same boarding school to which they belonged, a young English girl, whose parents we know to be wealthy, but who, after the prudent English fashion, had given their daughter an allowance—so much to be spent in going and coming, so much to be spent while there. The child evidently imagined that all were intending to travel second class, and seemed much troubled and disconcerted on discovering her mistake. A third party suggested, good-naturedly, "Why not all go second class? There is really a very slight difference in comfort, and the poor child will have more to spend while in Ostende." But the pretty young Americans demurred and protested, and the little English girl, not daring to ride second class alone, was obliged to yield and they all started off together.

We were sorry to witness this. Sorry for the child's disappointment, sorry for the ridiculous pride of our countrywomen, which in this case covered and effectually concealed truly warm, generous, and in the main, unselfish natures. But the instance is only one of a thousand.

Love and Friendship.

A great deal has been written about the difference between love and friendship; but people very often fail to remember that without a good solid friendship for its background love is the veriest butterfly of the summer, with whose drenched, disabled wings the first storm shall work its pleasure. A man falls in love with a pretty face, a musical voice, a taking manner, or a light step, and if it chance that back of these accidents the woman is a reasoning, thinking, responsible being, so much the better for him. Better for him, but worse for her; unless it chance also that he, too, despite his unreasoning passion, is a reasoning, thinking, responsible being. For what solitude so hopeless as that of the life which seems to be led in company with another, but, for all sympathy, all interchange of true confidence, is as utterly alone as birth or death? "What does your wife think of that?" we asked a man whose whole soul seemed to be in a literary undertaking. His face darkened, and a shadow of regret came into his honest, truth-telling eyes: "She, oh! she doesn't care about such things, you know—I wouldn't bore her with it." How many leave their business entirely out of the domestic chit-chat because their wives do not even desire to understand it; and how many women speak timidly once and again of some hope or dream very near their hearts until they learn, by watching the cold, unresponsive face opposite, to dream alone. Nor is this the fault of either side, in nine cases out of ten. If one is not really interested no effort will make one so; and the attempt to stimulate an unfelt interest must come to the ground, as do all shams, soon or syne. The fault lies farther back, in the very beginning. Two people should not love each other, most certainly should not marry each other, until they know that, without forcing it, there *is* some community of interests between them—some capacity for friendship.

The First Thousand Dollars.

The first thousand dollars a young man earns and saves will generally settle the question of business life with him. It is the fruit of personal industry. He gives his time and his labor for it. While he is thus earning and saving it, he must earn two, or three, or perhaps four times as much to pay his current expenses. He is consequently held sternly to the task of industry for a very considerable period. The direct consequence to him is a steady, continuous, and solid discipline in the habits of industry, in patient, persistent, forecasting and self-denying effort, breaking up all the tendencies to indolence and frivolity, and making him an earnest and watchful economist of time. He not only learns how to work, but he also acquires the love of work; and, moreover, he learns the value of the sum which he has saved out of his earnings. He has toiled for it; he has observed its slow increase from time to time; and in his estimation it represents so many months or years of practical labor.—*Rev. S. T. Spear.*

ONE Sunday afternoon a lad, so lazy in his motions that he did not get to the church door till the congregation were coming out, said to the first man he met: "What! is it all done?"

"No," said the man; "it's all *said*, but I think it will take a long time before it will be all *done*."

☞ Look on slanderers as direct enemies to civil society; as persons without honor, honesty, or humanity. Whoever entertains you with the faults of others designs to serve you in a similar manner.

The Coffee of Brazil.

In 1710 a coffee shrub was sent from the Dutch East Indies to Amsterdam, and planted in the botanical gardens of that city. From this a shoot was sent to Louis XIV., and placed in the Jardin des Plantes. This succeeded beautifully, and from it slips were sent by M. Isabert for the garden at Martinique; but both the slips and Isambert died on the way. In 1720, however, three shrubs which had been produced in the Royal Botanical Gardens of Paris, were sent to the same destination by Captain Declieux. The voyage was long and tedious, and two of the plants died in transit. The ship's company was put on a small allowance of water, and the captain generously shared his *quarte* each day with his remaining *caffer*, and so succeeded in getting it to its destination. From this single plant have resulted all the myriads of coffee plantations of the West Indies and of Central and South America.

In 1754 a Franciscan friar, by the name of Villaso, placed a coffee plant in the garden of the San Antonio Convent at Rio de Janeiro. In 1809 the first cargo of coffee was sent out.

The three great coffee-growing provinces of Brazil are stated in the order of their production, Minas Geraes, San Paulo, and Rio de Janeiro. At the Custom House in Rio Janeiro three or four cargoes of coffee are cleared almost every day, having paid a moderate export duty to the government. Negro drays (each a cart with five stalwart Africans pulling, pushing, and shouting at the top of their voices,) mule carts, omnibuses, and hacks are all mixed up in apparently inextricable confusion. But above all the confusion of Rua Direita a stentorian chorus of voices is heard "responding in quick measure to the burden of a song."

Casting our eyes in the direction whence comes this measured succession of musical grunts, we see above the heads of the multitude "a line of white sacks rushing around the corner of Rua de Alfandega," (Custom House Street.) Elbowing our way through the crowd, we discovered that each of these sacks is borne on the head of "a living ebony Hercules." This is a train of Brazilian coffee carriers. They go in companies of a dozen or twenty each, of whom one selected as captain takes the lead. Their only dress is a short pair of pants, reaching from the waist to the middle of the thigh—the limbs and body being left to the fullest and freest play of the muscles. Each has upon his head a bag of coffee weighing five *arrobas*, or one hundred and sixty pounds; and they move on a measured and rapid trot, keeping step with the doublequick time of some wild Ethiopian ditty. In perfect accord with this we have heard a strange, rattling music, which we now perceive proceeds from an instrument resembling exactly the mouthpiece of an ordinary watering-pot. This is partly filled with gravel, corked up, carried in one hand, and rattled in the time of the ditty, in a style resembling that in which a negro barber plays his wisk, or an auctioneer's boy rings his bell.

The strength of spinal column and the amount of neck muscle that these coffee carriers develope are truly astonishing. I have seen one of them carry on his head a full-sized crate of crockery; and another carry from Rua Direita to the summit of Corcovado (a distance of three miles, and a height of two thousand eight hundred feet,) over a rugged mule path, a box containing a ham, a turkey, a leg of mutton, a roast of beef, ten loaves of bread, two dozen of claret, two dozen of ale, two dozen dinner-plates, three large meat dishes, a coffee-pot, coffee cups and saucers, tumblers, knives and forks, napkins, &c., by way of breakfasting and dining a party that made the ascent by moonlight, one fine morning, in order to see the god of day come up from his morning bath in the old Atlantic.

From the time the coffee reaches Rio until it is stowed away in the hold of the vessel, it is all handled and carried by these coffee carriers, and all in sacks of one hundred and sixty pounds each.

We are aroused at the appointed hour, and after our *almoco*, we walk through the city, reaching the depot of the famous Don Pedro Legundo railway, in Rio Janeiro, at the southwest corner of the city, just as the numerous church and convent bells are ushering in the new-born day.

The first forty miles of the road is in a north-westerly direction, over a level plain, mostly covered with marsh and a coarse, file-toothed grass—the road having little of interest along it after we leave the Palace San Christovao, which is the Emperor's principal residence. This is but three miles out of the city, bordering the railway on the north. The Emperor has a summer palace, at Petropolis, thirty-six miles distant, a little above the head of the most magnificent bay in the world.

We hurry along, with few stoppages, until we reach the foothills of the Serra do Mar, or coast range. Thence, in the next forty miles we make an ascent of four thousand feet, without a single switch-back, the grade being in places three hundred feet to the mile, while some of the curves on the heaviest part of the grade are made to a radius of two hundred and eighty feet. Slowly but steadily we are dragged up, up, up, our "camel-back" engine seeming at times short of breath, and ready to give in. Within these forty miles we are plunged into and thundered through seventeen tunnels, one of which is a mile and a half in length, and cost a quarter of a million sterling. Between these we skirt along, and sometimes over, immense precipices, where we look down into the dizzy depths of the dark and dense Brazilian forests of the ravines and valleys below. As our iron horse stops for food and drink we hear the monkeys and the parrots chattering to each other in an unknown tongue, and the keel-bill and bell bird put in their ringing reply. The old trees are festooned with mosses and decked with the many-hued flowers of the *orchideæ* (air plants), while the sons of these fathers of the forest are stayed on all sides with the rope-like ipecacuanha, popularly known as *cipo* in Brazil. Away across the ravine on an opposite slope a sunlit cascade pours its silvery flood into the insatiable depths beneath. We reach the summit at last, where we find an extemporized village of the railroad's creating.

We now start down the western face of the Serras, with brakes down and engine reversed, but for all that going at a frightful degree of speed. Down, down, down we rush, head foremost, to the banks of the Parahiba, a river which forms the boundary line between the provinces of Rio de Janeiro and Minas Geraes. This mighty railroad was constructed expressly to develope the resources of the interior coffee regions of Brazil, and to bring the fruits of those broad acres to market. Where this road intersects the Parahiba is a great *porto de embarque*, or shipping depot of this *caminhos de ferro*, or railroad.

The mountain air has been bracing, and we are a little tired and much more hungry; so the moment our box is opened we follow the lead of other ravenous ones to the *taverna*. Even here they have the fashionable hours of eating, and though well in the afternoon we are much too early for dinner, so we must order a *segunda almoco* (a second breakfast). We are set down to a grilled roach, some jerked beef, black beans, farina, fried potatoes, and the inevitable but ever welcome cup of coffee. This beverage is almost a syrup, and yet as clear as brandy. Brazilians know how to make coffee as well as to produce it. But we have not yet become accustomed to the strong and almost bitter taste of this condensed extract of the berry whose mysteries we have come to explore, so we take our coffee *au lait*.

Outside the *taverna* we confront a thousand or more mules, which we are informed have come in laden with coffee from the neighboring province. We make our way to the Estacao, where we find piled in every direction thousands of sacks of coffee.

We take a mule each and cross the Parahiba to see where all this comes from. Immediately upon reaching the western shore of the river we are plunged into immense forests of coffee. The trees resemble somewhat the *Rhamnus catharticus*, or familiar buckthorn, the color, size, and character of the berries being different, and the coffee plant having far less spines. The trees are planted about six or eight feet apart each way, and grow naturally from twelve to thirty feet high, although for the sake of convenience in gathering, they are seldom allowed to attain a height of more than ten or twelve feet.

The tree is an evergreen, while the blossoms are a most delicate white emitting an exquisite fragrance. We find on the same tree, and indeed on the same twig, the blossom, the newly-formed berry, the green and the matured fruit. When ripe the berry very closely resembles the cranberry in external appearance, though somewhat larger.

Each berry contains two seeds or grains of coffee in the centre of the pulp, with their flat sides or faces opposed to each other. Each grain is covered with a tough integument or membrane, and they are additionally separated from each other by a layer of the pulp interposing.

Each tree produces from one to eight pounds of berries, the average being about three pounds. It is now the gathering season, and we see hundreds of negroes in every direction; some shaking the berries upon gathering-sheets spread on the ground—others picking the fruit directly from the trees. A negro will pick about an aroba (thirty-two pounds) of berries per day. These are dried by being spread upon pavements or level tables of ground prepared for the purpose, which pavement or table is called a *terrena*. These should be sheltered from the sun. As the fruit dries the pulp forms a sort of shell or pod, as we perceive in examining some that have been longer gathered, and which being perfectly dry are now being passed through a coffee huller, a machine in which a fluted roller is closely opposed to a breast-board, between which roller and breast-board the berries are made to pass. The pulp is washed away, leaving the beans free. These are again dried as before, after which the tough membrane is removed by a somewhat similar process with heavy rollers. The chaff is next separated by winnowing; and the coffee is now ready to be bagged and stored, or taken to market.

Coffee, like some other articles of commerce, is greatly improved by age; and for this reason we find immense quantities of it stored for a time, although the difference in market value between the old and the new does not pay the interest on the money. Mocha coffee, it is said, will attain its best savour in three years, while Rio, St. Domingo, Laguayra, Marricabo Costa Rica, and all other American coffees require from twelve to fifteen years to perfect their flavor.

"EXCUSE."

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I too have suffered. Yet I know
She is not cold, though she seems so:
She is not cold, she is not light;
But our ignoble souls lack might.

She smiles and smiles, and will not sigh,
While we for hopeless passion die;
Yet she could love, those eyes declare,
Were but men nobler than they are.

Eagerly once her gracious ken
Was turned upon the sons of men;
But light the serious visage grew—
She looked, and smiled, and saw them through.

Our petty souls, our strutting wits,
Our labored puny passion-fits,
Ah, may she scorn them still, till we
Scorn them as bitterly as she!

Yet oh that Fate would let her see
One of some worthier race than we—
One for whose sake she once might prove
How deeply she who scorns can love.

His eyes be like the starry lights—
His voice like sounds of summer nights—
In all his lovely mien let pierce
The magic of the universe!

And she to him will reach her hand,
And, gazing in his eyes will stand,
And know her friend, and weep for glee,
And cry, Long, long I've looked for thee!

Then will she weep—with smiles; till then
Coldly she mocks the sons of men;
Till then her lovely eyes maintain
Their gay unwavering deep disdain.

ORIGIN OF A WELL-KNOWN SAYING.—The well-known saying, that a shoemaker should not go beyond his last, originated with Appelles, the celebrated Greek painter, who set a picture which he had finished, in a public place, and concealed himself behind it, in order to hear the criticisms of passers by. A shoemaker observed a defect in the shoe, and the painter forthwith corrected it. The cobbler came again the next day, and encouraged by the success of his first remark, began to extend his censure to the leg of the figure, when the angry painter thrust out his head from behind the picture, and told the shoemaker to keep to his trade.

☞ We are happier when we are happy unexpectedly—and that is the way happiness comes. To seek after it is to seek after a phantom.

CROSS PURPOSES.

CHAPTER I.

Early in the perfect autumn morning, when the gossamer-webs, dew-spangled, covered the mosses and roadside weeds, and the gorse on the upland; under the beeches, whose leaves were just beginning to change and to fall, to flutter down slowly and softly, even without wind; opposite a small window, in an otherwise blank and thickly-lived wall, she paused and hesitated.

Perhaps ten minutes—perhaps twenty—she stood there, looking intently at a letter she held, only studying the address of it—and that, too, written by her own hand.

Nobody passed; nothing disturbed her; a squirrel was rustling the boughs above her head, and small birds eyed her from out the ivy; but there she stood, till, at last, a footstep of some one coming down towards her from the higher part of the village roused her; then she crossed the road, put her letter into the slit in the window, and began to walk fast in the opposite direction from that whence came the footstep.

Hurry as she might, she was soon overtaken. A hand rested on her shoulder, lightly yet firmly, and quite as if it had a right to rest there if it chose.

"Edith! you used to say you always could tell my footstep from any other; in the few days I've been away from the island have you forgotten it?"

"I did not say I could not do so now."

The girl spoke sharply, still hurrying on, without looking up.

"My child!" bending forward to look her more fully in the face, "what is the matter with you? This is a queer reception. What is the matter with you?"

"Why should there be anything the matter with me?"

"You are looking ill."

"I'm tired."

"Take my arm—why do you walk so far?"

"I wanted to post a letter myself."

"Take my arm. To whom?"

"To my cousin Gertrude."

She looked him in the face now. A handsome, honest face, with gray eyes, and a golden-brown beard and moustache, very brilliant in the golden sunshine that fell through the golden boughs; so brilliant that she soon looked down again.

"Why don't you take my arm?" In an ill-used, wondering tone.

"I would rather not."

Sudden tears dropped down as she remembered she did not mean to have the right to claim it any more. Remembering this, she clasped it now, with both hands, suddenly, passionately; she was very much of a child still.

"That is right;" and the gray eyes—warm gray—shone down upon her contentedly. "Now about your cousin Gertrude; had you anything very particular to tell her that you chose to post your letter yourself?"

"Yes; I have asked her to come and stay with me; your mother has promised her a month's holiday; I have asked her to spend it with me."

"I am sorry for that."

His face flushed and his brows contracted.

"You need not be."

"I am the best judge of that, my child. I have my reasons, Edith, and I am sorry, very sorry."

"Perhaps I know more of your reasons than you fancy."

He turned an inquiring look upon her, but she looked away. They were both silent after that a good while. She kept her eyes bent upon the ground. She knew each bit of the road well; she was calculating time and distance. She said to herself, "When we come to the great hazel-bush, I will leave hold of his arm and speak;" meanwhile she clasped the arm very close.

He spoke first; a sudden turn in the road showed them, between arching boughs of crimson and golden beeches, the flashing blueness of an early morning sea lying far below, dotted here and there with a snow-white sail.

"What a perfect morning! what a perfect scene!" he said, pausing, and then recited the exquisite verses from "In Memoriam," beginning—

"Calm is the morn, without a sound."

She repeated, softly—

"If any calm, a calm despair,"

let herself linger leaning on him a few moments, then snatched her hand from his arm, choking with the thought, "It will never be there again!" looked before and after, and said—

"I am near home now, and I have a few words to speak to you first."

She leant back against the low wall, and tried with all her might to calm herself, that he might not see how much she was agitated. She succeeded only too well: her soft dark cheek lost its bloom, turned yellowish-white; but she looked proud and sullen, rather than sorrowful.

He paused before her, full of wonder at her changed manner—at her dry, hard, ungirlish tone of voice.

"You have often said I did not love you," she began. "I am going now to confirm all the evil you have ever thought of me. I wish to break our engagement: I wish to be free from you, and to set you free from me."

He was silent some moments: she tried to look at him, but failing, kept her eyes upon the fallen beech-mast, which she stirred with her foot.

"What's the meaning of this?"

When he spoke, he spoke so sternly that she felt afraid.

"I have tried to speak plainly," she said. "I wish to be free, to marry any one else" (if he had understood the inflection of her voice, he would have learnt from it that in the world there was none else for her), "or to remain single; and I wish you to be free to marry some one else—some one who will love you better than I do." (That same inflection of the voice.) "I know now that I could not be happy as your wife, and that you would not be happy as my husband."

His color had risen angrily; he kicked some stones from under his feet with an energy that sent them spinning far down the road.

"I have, I think, some slight right to an explanation," he said—his voice was not steady,—"considering that in a few months you were to have been —— What did you say?" (She had echoed "were to have been.")

"Nothing," she answered: "go on."

"Considering that in a few months you were to have been my wife; considering that the last six months have been passed by me in preparing to receive you as my wife."

"Your notion of fit preparation to receive *me* as your wife seems to me a strange one!"

she cried, passionately; and then repeated this utterance. He had caught the words, and paused upon them.

"What does this mean? Who has been tampering with you? Who has been exciting your jealousy?"

"If I am jealous, you are well rid of me. A jealous woman is an accursed thing—I've heard you say so yourself—from which you should be glad to escape."

"A jealous woman *is* an accursed thing. But in you, Edith, I have never yet seen a sign of this disease."

"Then don't be too ready to believe me easily tainted by it. Look into your own heart, and find a cause for what I do."

"No man," he said, "in my opinion, was ever worthy of any good woman's love; that I devoutly believe; but further——"

"It is no use to talk it over. I know of old experience you can make me say black's white. I have said what I mean to abide by, and so I shall not listen for your answer. I have spoken roughly, rudely, coarsely; but I have spoken as I was able—what I knew I ought to speak. Now I am not going to listen to you: you have listened to me, that is enough. Good-bye! and I wish you all happiness."

She began to walk away from him; but she did not dare disobey the voice that commanded her to pause. He took both her hands in his, looked into her face, trying to meet her eyes, but they would not rise higher than his hands; they noticed a hole in his glove, for which she would yesterday have scolded him, taking off his glove—taking it home to mend. A quick sob surprised her, as she thought of this. He said—

"I do not know you to-day, Edith: you have strangely changed in the few days of my absence. You are a hard and reckless woman this morning: you seem to have no feeling for me, or my pain."

"Your pain!" ("You hypocrite!" she said, but only to her own heart,) and added, to her own heart, "He is *no* hypocrite; he is too good not to feel pain. Your pain," she repeated aloud, "won't last long if we part now; while if we married, not loving each other, I suppose our pain would have to last our life-times."

"What is my fault? How have I so suddenly forfeited my right to your love? What have I done or left undone?"

"We are curiously made," she answered. "I do not know what of that we do or leave undone is fault, and what is fortune. I do not suppose we would any one of us act as we do, when we act what we call wrongly, if we could help it. If I have been angry with you, and said it was your fault, I am not angry now. How can it be your fault that I do not love you?"

"It is some fault in me, then—some fault so suddenly discovered."

He paid no heed to the last phrase of her sentence; indeed the eyes, liquid, and as full of love as of pain, which had met his for an instant, had given the lie to it.

"I didn't say so. I won't say anything, except I wish to be free. Tyrant! let go my hands!" she cried.

"You poor little soul!" he said, compassionately, "what are you thus tormenting yourself about? Tell me your trouble, my child. I cannot believe that you do not love me!—I do not believe it!"

"Oh, no!" she answered, her face on fire; "it must be hard for the irresistible Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw, *of* Firlands, to believe that any woman to whom he has been kind does not love him, or his estate. Leave me alone, sir! Let me go!"

"Go then! I see, Edith, that if I keep you any longer in your present mood, I shall only lead you to speak words you will afterwards be sorry for: but I do not do you the injustice to believe that you are serious." One more earnest look, and then he dropped her hands.

"That is like you! I was more than mortal while I loved you; now——"

"While you loved me you were a sweet woman, not all honey, but all the more bewitching for a dash of spice; now——You seem to me thoroughly unamiable."

"I dare say I do! I dare say I am! You may say it was incompatibility of temper that led to the breaking of our engagement."

"When I acknowledge it as a broken engagement I may. At present I do not relinquish you! At present I am of my old opinion: I had rather have you scold and love me; than any other woman praise and flatter me. I do not know that it is good taste, but it is mine."

"'A poor ill-favored thing, but mine, sir, mine.' I understand. But now I have lost all charm for you, for I am no longer yours, sir, but mine, sir, mine. And how you *dare* say to me what you have just said, I leave you to ask your own conscience. It is all a mystery to me—all."

She broke from him and ran down the road.

He remained a long time where she had left him; he was vexed and pained, but more for her than for himself, and not in any way very seriously distressed; he did not believe but that she would be his wife at the appointed time after all. But this outbreak of temper grieved him: he was disappointed in her, and perplexed to find a cause for such an unexpected demonstration. It was not till, in the course of a few days, several of his friends—that is to say, the doctor and the clergyman, and the widow who owned Belle-vue—had condoled with him on the breaking-off of his engagement, and two ladies, with numerous daughters, living respectively at Furzey Down and at Beauchamps, had congratulated him on the same fact, that he began to be, at least, seriously annoyed.

The little tormentress, after leaving him, ran down the road till she came to a green gate overshadowed, like all the rest of the road, by beeches; it led into a small garden—lawn, fir-trees, and bright flower-beds—lying in front of a pretty ivied cottage, behind which the hill rose protectingly. The largest room of this cottage had a long window opening on to the gravelled path. Miss Gaysworth, Edith's invalid and lame sister—she was fifteen years older than Edith, and had been a mother to her—lay on a couch in the sunshine of this window.

Edith went to her: she always liked to get things over quickly. She now said, "Herbert is come back. I've seen him and I've broken off my engagement to him. I shall never marry him, or anybody. I am sorry you took such a fancy to Firlands, Lily; but you like this cottage very much, too, and you'll get more of me, so there's compensation for you. No, I can't stay to answer any questions. I am off now to the Sea-wall House; I shall be late for the children's lessons. I don't wish ever to be spoken to about my engagement, or about Herbert. Not that he's to blame: *I* broke it off; *he's* not to blame; and I wish all the world to know (all our small world) that it *is* broken off, and that he's not to blame. You used to tell me, Lily, I could never hope to get a husband if I didn't curb my temper, and I'm not going to get one you see. Good-bye, Lily, don't fret about it. Here's your book, dear, and here's your work, and I've ordered Jane to bring your lunch in to you at eleven, and I'm sorry I've been out so long, and I've asked Gertrude to come and see us, and I shall be more at home with you for the future."

All this was said in hurried, gasping sentences: then she kissed the invalid, and was off. She was daily governess to the motherless children at the Sea-wall House, whose master was Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw's elder brother; a grave man, aged and worn by suffering, who treated her with fatherly kindness, and whom she loved dearly.

"I don't seem to feel it much," she said, as she went down the road in the glancing sunshine, the dancing sea glittering before her eyes. "The world looks just the same merry world: nothing seems changed. People say, at all events in books—I don't know that I've ever heard any real person speak about these things—that to do what I have done requires an almost superhuman effort of self-sacrifice. If I felt as I ought, I ought to have fainted, or at least to have cried violently. Perhaps I did not love him so very much after all. Yet I think I did. Perhaps I do not yet believe that I have lost him. I think that is it. All the pain is to come. I caught myself just now thinking of this evening, when he would be with us—when he would read to Lily and me while we work, and we should be so happy. And he won't come this evening, or ever again any evening. All the pain is to come. God help me!"

These last words, the words of self-pity, did the mischief.

Suddenly something came over her—an overwhelming, uncontrollable feeling: she went out of the road, through a gate, and hid herself in a little thicket; there she cried as if her heart would break, her face buried to stifle the sound. She rose, dried her eyes, looked at her watch, smoothed her hair, readjusted her hat, said to herself, "I am better now—but I am very late," and hurried down the steep drive to the House.

From a distance she saw all her little pupils playing on the sands—those deep golden sands of the Isle of Wight. She went to them there, and they came clustering around her.

"Oh, Edith, we thought you wern't coming to-day. Uncle Herbert said you wern't coming to-day. Papa said you wern't coming every day now, because Uncle Herbert is back, and wants you to be so much with him."

"Oh yes, I *am* coming every day now. Your Uncle Herbert is mistaken, and your papa, who is always right, and who is a great deal wiser than your Uncle Herbert, is also mistaken. And come in to lessons now, at once, like dear good children, for it's very late."

CROSSING A RAVINE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

"You've been crying!" said one child.

"You've been crying:" was echoed by all.

"And I'll make you all cry," said this very original little governess, "if you don't let me alone."

"Me so sorry Edie been crying," said the youngest little girl, and slipped her hand into Edith's.

"You darling, you dear pet!" cried the governess, and kneeling down, she took the lovely little fairy in her arms, smothered her with kisses, and carried her to the house.

"Me Uncle Bertie's pet, too," the child said.

And just at the house-door stood Uncle Bertie.

"Edith, that child is too heavy for you." He chose to speak as if nothing had happened, a fact which filled the girl with great indignation.

"Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw, I am the best judge of that."

"Indeed you are not. I do not think you are a good judge of anything that concerns yourself. Amy, come to me, darling."

But Amy chose to be perverse: she clung to Edith's neck and said, "Poor Edie been crying," as a sufficient reason.

"Uncle Herbert" stood so directly in Edith's way that she knew he could see this for himself. Her eyes met his defiantly. "Cruel!" she muttered, as she passed him. She drove all her pupils before her into the large school-room, and locked the door.

That school-room had three great south windows looking right out to sea (you could perceive a bit of golden gravelly shore if you stood close to them, but not unless): it had also two eastern windows looking upon a green turf bank, gorse-studded, sloping down to black rock and gray boulder. The room was full of sunshine, and the heat and the light made Edith giddy; she had to draw down the blinds; and when she went to draw them down she saw Mr. Oldenshaw (her master, as she loved to call him) walking to and fro, close to the water, leaning on his younger brother's arm; they were talking earnestly. How bent and aged her master looked, and he was not so very much older than Lily!

What would her master think of her when he heard? The young governess was preoccupied this morning.

That evening, Mr. Oldenshaw—that is to say, Edith's Mr. Oldenshaw—chose to come to the cottage as if nothing had happened since he was last there. He brought the book with him he had been reading to them, then took the seat by Miss Gaysworth's invalid couch, that he had occupied then. Seeing this, Edith without a word to him, having given him one indignant look, gathered up her work and left the room.

From the bedroom above she heard voices all the evening, now her sister's, now Mr. Oldenshaw's, one low-toned interchange of talk.

"Of course Lily will think I am using him very badly. Of course everybody will think I am using him very badly. What does that matter to me? I have done what I thought was right to be done. I know I did it very badly, but that is my misfortune. I meant to be gentle and dignified, all I am always trying to be, and never, never can succeed in being. Well! he is well rid of me: I never should have made a proper Mrs. Oldenshaw of Firlands. Now Gertrude is—; oh, I hate Gertrude!" said with the heartiest, honestest energy. "That is very wicked, too!" she added; "and I'm afraid when nobody loves me I shall be very wicked."

She went on thinking strange confused thoughts as she employed herself in turning out her writing-case, jewel case, and secret sacred drawer, collecting his letters, his presents, all kept religiously, whether flowers or jewels.

"Perhaps he will believe that I am in earnest when he gets these," she said, with an emphasis resentful of his present incredulity. "If he will only go away, leave off coming here, after—well, after he has made it all straight with Gertrude. If I have to go on seeing him, perhaps I may in time arrive at a proper pitch of distraction." Scoffing at herself, she pressed her hand upon her heart. "I always have said I did not know I had one, but I'm going to learn that I have now by this pain that's beginning."

By-and-by, looking over the pages of a journal she had once, girlish-fashion, kept, for fear of accidents, in a cypher of her own invention, she read (dated the 30th of November, nearly three years ago)—

"I did not think such a dismal day could have ended so pleasantly: such a dismal day! passed in an ugly school-room among rude children, a wet street and wet people to look out at; nothing to look forward to but the tedious change of a couple of hours spent in the drawing-room, over my fancy-work, among people who must dislike having me as much as I dislike being with them. Ah!" she said, breaking off from her reading and thinking aloud, "how different things were then! We were so poor, I could not keep a home for Lily. She boarded with those wretched people who neglected her so, and I had to take the highest-paying situation I could get, and try not to care if I were miserable or not. Who made everything different? He did. I might go through as many verses as there are in the 'My Mother' poem, in the children's book, and, making my own list of questions, say, 'He did!' in answer to all of them. Well, I am trying, in my awkward, stupid way, that is so hard, for it seems such a wicked ungrateful way, to reward him. I wish, though, he wouldn't look so pained about it."

She thought for some time, then she went on reading, slowly and blunderingly, from her journal:—

"The evening of this wretched day I go down into the drawing-room as usual, and there is a person there who turns round as I enter and comes to meet me, who takes my hand and looks at me so kindly, that, what with surprise and what with pleasure, the tears come into my eyes, and it is a wonder that I don't startle all proprieties by putting my arms round his neck! He places a chair for me next his own, and pushes a footstool to my feet, and reaches me my work-case. How did he know what I was looking for? or which was mine? Why didn't he give me Mrs. Dyson's instead? Surely he didn't remember the shabby little thing? He seems altogether to take possession of me, as if he pitied the poor little lonely thing, and meant to care for it and pet it. And he breaks off his talk with Mr. Dyson, and talks to me of Lily, and Lily's health; and of how he thinks she needs milder air; and of how his brother has a pretty cottage to let, in just such a place as he thinks would suit Lily; and then he tells me that his brother wants a governess for his motherless children, and so he talks on, opening up a new and such a bright prospect, though he dashes everything a little by telling me he is soon going to India again for two years. And when he turns from me to talk to Mr. Dyson again, his arm is still on the back of my chair, and his voice lulls me to a dream, and all the world is changed for me, for I feel he *remembers*. And when Mrs. Dyson's soft voice says in my ear, 'Miss Gaysworth, I think you have forgotten the children: it is long past their bed-time,' I start as if I had had cold water flung over me, and rise in awkward haste, throwing scissors, thimble, cotton, on the floor,—for him to pick up! And he asked me should he see me again that night; and when I said a reluctant 'No,' he asked Mrs. Dyson at what time he could see me in the morning, 'to talk over family affairs; for Mrs. Dyson, she is, I consider, a sort of a ward of mine!' A sort of a ward! I feel as if he would only—"

There the journal broke off for that time; but she read a few later entries and then told herself to desist—that she was doing the worst thing, the stupidest thing possible. But her thoughts were not much safer: she remembered all his words and looks—remembered the coming to the present home, prepared by him for her and Lily, remembered the parting and his return! The bedroom was cold and cheerless, her candle had burnt down to the socket: she listened to the voices down-stairs, beloved voices both, and thought of the lamp-light, the fire-light, the kind eyes, the loving hands, the cheerfulness and the warmth there—and then, very unheroically, she began to cry.

The voices ceased: the hall-door opened and closed: she waited to hear the click of the garden-gate and the sound of footsteps down the road.

"He didn't stop as long as usual," she said carelessly to Lily, as, having bathed her eyes, she entered the sitting-room.

"No; he said he would not keep you up in the cold. Oh, Edith! what *has* possessed you? How *can* you treat such a man in this way? A man who has been so good to us, so very good. Surely, child, it is only a freak, if so, a wicked one; but anything is better than to believe you can seriously mean to be so—"

Edith interrupted her.

"I am trying to be good to him in return for his goodness to us. If the goodness of a deed is to be judged, as some people seem to think, by its hardness, I am being *very* good to him. You can't see how? I dare say not; but some day you will; till then you must try and trust me."

"But Edith—"

"But, Lily—I have told you, and I tell you again, I will not hear you or any one on this subject. There! I have made you cry. Yes, that is just how it always is. I am a wretched creature, born to make every one unhappy, especially every one who loves me. If you only knew, Lily"—here she knelt by her sister's couch and buried her face in her sister's dress—"how it hurts! how it hurts! how miserable I am! you would cry for me, Lily, instead of crying for him."

"I cry for him, Edith!" her sister said, but drew the girl fondly close. "I never could bear to see a man suffer, and he is suffering. You have only to watch him, to look into his eyes, and to see the way he twitches his mouth and gnaws his moustache. No, Edith, I never could bear to see a man suffer. It nearly breaks my heart when your master, as you call him, sits by me and talks to me, so gently, so kindly, with his eyes seeing and his heart suffering, so far away; and Herbert's face will get to have the same look if you use him so badly."

"The hypocrite!" cried Edith. "No, no, no,—I don't mean that. I know he is suffering, but never mind him, Lily, it will soon pass: he will be happier soon than I ever could make him."

"Child, child, you talk very wildly—very wickedly. You seem to have no opinion of the faithfulness of the man you are playing with.

"I am playing with no man. You are a cruel sister to say I am. Oh, I have the very highest opinion of Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw's faithfulness. He would marry a girl he had ceased to love, and break the heart of one he did love, sooner than break his word. That is my opinion of his faithfulness! And now no more about him—not a word. He is a good man and a true one; I hope he will be a happy one?"

"What crotchet *can* you have got into your head?" murmured Miss Gaysworth, and dared say no more; but she lay awake all through the night pondering this matter over, and was consequently ill the next morning. She was a very frail creature. She would in all probability have been dead before this time had she not been transplanted to the soft-breathed, sheltered, sunny southern nook where she now dwelt. And it was Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw's care that had thus transplanted her. He had known these women well in prosperous days, beginning at a beginning when Edith was a little child; their dead brother had been his dearest friend. Coming home from India, on family business, soon after they had fallen into sudden poverty, he had made it his care to care for them.

CHAPTER II.

A few days passed very painfully, during which Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw still came to Ivy Cottage, still sought to meet Edith there, on the road, or at the Sea-wall House, and she still obstinately avoided him. A diversion came in the arrival of "Gertrude," a tall, fair, stately girl, who might have been most lovely had she not had a wan, sickly look, and who drooped now like a drooping lily.

"Isn't she the very ideal of a love-sick girl?" asked Edith scornfully of her sister. "The very hang of her dress, and droop of her hair, and fall of her lashes, suggest a sentimental despondency. I hope I could

die of love and not show the green sickness of it so plainly."

"I wonder why you asked Gertrude here, Edith?"

"Don't you like having her?"

"Yes, I was always fond of her; but her company can be no pleasure to me if you are vexed and irritated by her, and cannot treat her kindly without constantly-recurring effort."

"Perhaps," said Edith, "I have undertaken more than I can go through with. An old trick of mine! I shall see. If I find I have I can go away somewhere."

"Cousin Edith, can you spare me a few minutes before you go out?" asked Gertrude that morning at breakfast-time. The languid cadence of the mournful musical voice made Edith, who had been trying to be kind, cross directly.

"I always like to get disagreeable things over; so, if you have anything to say, I will hear it now," she answered, roughly. "Come a little way up the hill behind the cottage with me. Jane's ears are sharp, and old Wilson is brushing up leaves in the garden. What's the use of brushing up leaves, I wonder! I am always brushing up leaves, and they fall thicker and faster; and it is all smothered up with them again, just as it was before." These last words to herself. "Don't you want your shawl, Ger? The wind is sharp, and you look such a skim-milk sort of creature."

"I will get it, and join you in a minute," Gertrude answered, meekly.

The two girls were soon together on one of the terraces cut in the hill behind the cottage. But Gertrude stood panting after the slight ascent, and did not speak.

Edith looked at her watch. "In a quarter of an hour I ought to be down there," pointing to the Sea-wall House, lying below.

"It is strange to me, Edith," the girl began, timidly (this stately, tall Gertrude seemed curiously to dread her little companion), "why you asked me to come and see you. I was glad to come, dear, because I thought—"

"Well, what did you think?"

"I thought you had some special reason for asking me. I thought, perhaps, you knew—"

"I do know—*all*. I meant to be good to you, but I find it difficult."

"I never would have come, Edith, if only Lily had asked me; but as you asked me I thought I had better come. I thought, I hoped, some good might arise out of it. But now I see my mistake; my presence is painful to you. Mr. Oldenshaw" (that name spoken so tremulously!) "has not been to the cottage since I came; though Lily tells me he used to be here constantly."

"Does she think he would court *her* under *my* nose!" Edith exclaimed to herself, and plunged her hand into a gorse-bush, inflicting a salutary pricking.

"I do not see that my being here can do any good," continued Gertrude; "it is evidently painful to you. I want to ask you, do you not think I had better go?"

The tone of shrinking timidity, of submission, of resignation, in which Gertrude spoke, touched Edith's generosity.

"No," she said; "you shall not go, Gertrude: if either of us go away, I will, while you stay with Lily. Lily is very fond of you, and Lily is gentle to you. I have wanted a change for a long time."

Gertrude lifted her lashes and opened her languid eyes wide—perhaps she was wondering what change this girl could want—this girl, who would soon be so happily married (for Lily had inoculated her with the belief that this cloud between the lovers was only due to some childish freak of Edith's, which would pass.)

"I cannot have that. I cannot drive you from your home, Edith. What would Mr. Oldenshaw say? Indeed, indeed, I think I had better go."

"Not another word. You *are not to go*. And—what has Lily been saying to you about my engagement? Oh, I see; but she is quite wrong. My engagement is finally and definitely broken off. I am free, and so is Herbert. *You* must know she is quite wrong. I can't stay and talk any longer. I hate speaking of these things. He is not in the least to blame. And I hope, when I am gone away, you and he and Lily will be very happy."

She ran down the hill-side, leaving Gertrude in a state of bewilderment.

"She knows all about it, and is annoyed—secretly angry with me, I dare say. But what has her broken engagement to do with it? Did they quarrel about me? I never could understand Edith. Sometimes she seemed all heart, and sometimes seemed to have no feeling for any one—herself least of all. She is a very strange girl!" But poor Gertrude had such much more personal troubles and perplexities growing and deepening upon her that she soon forgot to think of Edith.

Just as she re-entered the garden at one gate she saw Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw entering it by the other, from the road: she drew back, but he had seen her. He joined her.

"Miss Brown, I believe; we have met before."

She blushed overpoweringly; hands, throat, were all suffused with crimson: the dying away of that blush left her so white, with such blanched lips, he thought she was about to faint. He offered his arm: she took it, because she needed it, and because, for her own reasons, she was only too glad of any sign of kindness from him.

Her distress and agitation were so real that his brow relaxed from its stern annoyance, and he looked down on her kindly—reassuringly.

"I will not ask to speak to you to-day on any subject of special interest," he said. "You seem nervous and unstrung. We shall have other opportunities—"

"I am," she said, hurriedly, "more than nervous and unstrung. I am miserable. It is kind of you to spare me, but we want your counsel. Oh, if only *you* will be kind to us!"

She lifted up her eyes to his imploringly, tears now streaming down from them: he (her hand resting on his arm) could feel how she was shaking.

"I wish to be your true friend," he said; "but the position in which you have placed yourselves makes it very difficult to know how to help you. And I so hate deceit and concealment, that it is difficult for me to think kindly of those who practise it—as if they did not hate it."

He led her to the sitting-room, followed her in, sat talking to Miss Gaysworth, and was so preoccupied that he did not notice that Miss Gaysworth's manner was a little different from usual.

When he was gone Miss Gaysworth said—"Gertrude, my love, I thought you told me that you knew Mr. Herbert Oldenshaw very slightly."

"I have seen him a few times at his mother's."

"Only a few times?"

"Only a few times; and then not always to speak to."

Lily Gaysworth had strangely penetrating eyes. She turned them on the girl, and Gertrude blushed again in that sudden, overpowering, unaccountable way, that was made the more conspicuous by her ordinary pallor.

"I am not very well," she faltered. "I will go to my own room."

On the stairs she met Edith. Edith had been in her bed-room, dressing to go out. Edith had heard the familiar click of the garden-gate, and had cautiously drawn near the window. Edith had seen the meeting, the stern brow soften to pity so like tenderness, answering the imploring upward look.

What could she think? Her cheeks were crimson and her eyes blazing when she met the faint and faltering Gertrude upon the stairs. She swept past her.

"When morning lessons are over will you come to speak to me in the library, Edith?" Mr. Oldenshaw said, looking into the school-room.

"Shall you be alone there, sir?"

"Edith!" cried one of the children, "you tell us we ought to answer papa at once, not ask other questions instead."

"I want you to be a great deal better than I am," answered the governess, and put her hand on the boy's mouth: he fell to kissing that hand. Edith, looking round, repeated her question.

"Yes, I will be alone there."

"I will come then. If you hadn't asked me, I should have asked you."

Accordingly, at twelve o'clock, she turned the children out on the sands, and went to Mr. Oldenshaw's library.

He put her a chair close to his own, and then, taking her hand in his—(she laughed nervously, said it was like a medical consultation, but did not make him smile)—began, indulgently—

"Now, tell me all about it, child; things cannot go on as they are doing at present. You are losing your health and your temper. Twice, lately, I have heard you speak sharply to my motherless little girls."

"Oh, Mr. Oldenshaw! I am so sorry." The tears began to drop already.

"I didn't call you here to scold you, Edith, but to try and cure the cause of all this. Herbert has been more like a son than a brother to me always; and you are like an eldest daughter to me. I ask you now to treat me as a father; tell me all about it?"

"About what, sir?" Playing with his hand.

"I never expect prevarication from you, Edith. You *know* what I mean. What is the secret history and mystery of this foolish business between you and Herbert. What did you quarrel about?"

"We haven't quarrelled at all. I broke off the engagement. I had reason to know it couldn't end in happiness to either of us. I broke it off, and it is broken off—for always!"

"Don't you think you might have found out sooner that it would be well to do this, Miss Gaysworth? Don't you think you might have told him this before he had set you in the very centre of his life—before he had bound all his hopes of future happiness round you?"

"I told it him as soon as I knew it myself, and long before what you say had been done, or long after it had been undone, it doesn't matter which," she answered, in a tone that sounded sullen.

"I never thought you faultless, Miss Gaysworth, nor in any way a perfect woman, though a thoroughly lovable one; but I thought that such faults as you had you would try to cure for Herbert's sake. Among them I did not expect to have to find fickleness, unfaithfulness, proneness to jealousy and suspicion. From these things I should have said you were singularly free. If you have no explanation to give me—if you show no disposition to amend your fault—if you do not even show any sorrow for it, will you wonder that a girl, whose character I so little approve, will hardly be the companion and instructress I shall choose for my own children?"

Was Mr. Oldenshaw trying to frighten her, or was he really as angry as his words seemed?

Edith let go his hand and folded her own in her lap. Her face looked sullen, hard, impenetrable.

"Have you formed any other attachment? That is the only reason for your conduct that can suggest itself. I am speaking to you as a father to a daughter. So I ask no excuse for my question."

"Say I have, if you like; say anything you like of me. Why not believe one bad thing as well as another? Talk of speaking to me as a father to a daughter! Oh, I only hope, Mr. Oldenshaw, you may never be *fatherly* to Amy in the way you are now to me!"

"That hardened, reckless, bitter tone is very painful to hear."

"Can't you fancy it speaks out of pain? And he lets me be treated like this! He lets me be spoken to like this!"

"If you mean Herbert, he does not know I had any intention of speaking to you. He defends you—says all the faults must be his—"

"But he doesn't tell you what is his fault?"

"He does not know himself, poor fellow."

"Does he not?"

"You insinuate, Miss Gaysworth, that my brother is much to blame."

"I do not, Mr. Oldenshaw; he is not to blame; nobody is to blame. It cannot be helped. Does not misery come often without blame?"

"But in this instance, Miss Gaysworth—"

"I tell you what it is, Mr. Oldenshaw, go on calling me that; go on looking at me like that, and—and—I won't bear it! I have lost Herbert! I have lost Herbert! Is not that enough! Why should *you* be cruel? What harm have I done to *you*? I won't bear to live, if you—" Here she broke into such passionate crying as will burst out from long-restrained complicated anger and suffering, when they once begin to find expression.

He walked to and fro in the room. By-and-by he paused behind her, pressing his hands upon her head.

"Hush, hush, my child! Just tell me the truth—let me help you. Surely, if you still love Herbert, it can all be made right again."

"Never, never, never, as long as any of us live," she sobbed.

He had been thinking of Herbert, feeling for Herbert in all that had yet passed—but now the agony of her distress was so unmistakable that he began to think and feel for her.

"What can I do for you, child? How can I help you?"

"Send me away; take me away; do something with me that will save me from seeing him day after day.

He meditated.

"I have been thinking of sending Alice and Florence to stay with my sister for a few weeks before the winter is quite upon us. Will you go with them?"

"If you please, sir, if she will have me. But Amy? what will become of my pet Amy?"

"She is my pet too, Edith."

"But I don't think nurse is kind enough to her, Mr. Oldenshaw. Can't Amy come too? She shan't be any trouble to any one. I will have her always with me."

"I cannot spare her, and my sister's place is too exposed and cold for the child. I will do the best I can for her. If after a few weeks things remain as they are now—"

"But they won't!"

"Indeed! I thought just now—"

"You misunderstand me. You will see. I shall be able to come back—to Lily—to the cottage—to you; to my pet here—"

"But not to Herbert?"

"You will see—you will see."

"Your are an inexplicable girl! You seem to love mysteries, which I hate."

"You can't hate them as I do, not half as bitterly as I do."

"Now go to the children, and try and let the sea-wind cool those poor cheeks of yours."

"And will you please try and think kindly of me—will you?" she repeated, coaxingly. "You break my heart when you are so stern." She put out both her hands. "Though I am never to be your daughter, won't you be my kind master still. I know I am not in anything good—but in this one thing I am trying to be good; and it is so hard," she began to sob again; "just when I so need help, and when I deserve help more than ever before, not to have any love from any one, nor any sympathy, I who have had so much—"

First he grasped her hands, then he took her in his arms—the fatherly arms into which his children had often flown first, even in their sweet mother's lifetime.

"You are a poor little misguided, mistaken thing!" he said, tenderly. "But I do believe you are trying to do right—and I can only trust that time will show and cure your error. Now be off, my child!"

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Boys, Do Not Smoke!

Dr. Ducaisne, in the course of investigations on the influence of tobacco on circulation, has been struck with the large number of boys, aged from nine to fifteen years, who smoke; and has been led to inquire into the connection of this habit with the impairment of the general health. He has observed thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen, who smoked more or less. Of these, distinct symptoms were present in twenty-seven. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation—*bruit de souffle* in the neck, palpitation, disorders of digestion, slowness of intellect, and a more or less marked taste for strong drinks. In three the pulse was intermittent. In eight there was found on examination more or less marked diminution of the red corpuscles; in twelve there were rather frequent epistaxis; ten had disturbed sleep, and four had slight ulcerations of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days. In children who were very well nourished the disorder was, in general, less marked. As to the ages, eight of the boys were nine to twelve years old; nineteen, from twelve to fifteen. The duration of the habit of smoking was—in eleven, from six months to a year; and in sixteen, more than two years. The ordinary treatment of anæmia in general produced no effect as long as the smoking was continued; but, when this was desisted from, health was soon perfectly restored, if there were no organic disease.—*British Medical Journal.*

☞ A terrible storm visited Boston on Wednesday afternoon, the 8th, causing a destruction of property to the amount of $1,000,000. Granville M. Clark, a well-known citizen, was killed, and several others were injured by flying timbers. The Coliseum and the Broadway Methodist Church were blown down. The storm extended over Eastern Massachusetts, and much damage was done everywhere in its path. In Rhode Island it was also very severe and several lives were lost.

☞ "I will bet you a bottle of wine," said a gentleman to his friend, "that you will come down out of that chair before I ask you twice." "Done!" replied the friend. "Come down!" the other. "I will not," said his friend, with much obstinacy. "Then stop till I ask you a second time," said the other. Perceiving that he would never be asked a second time, the gentleman in the chair came down in a double sense.

It were to be wished the flaws were fewer
In the earthen vessels holding treasure,
Which lies as safe as in a golden ewer.
But the main thing is—Do they hold good measure?
Heaven soon sets right all other matter.
—*Robert Browning.*

☞ Wisdom and Pleasure.—If we apply ourselves seriously to wisdom we shall never live without true pleasure, but learn to be pleased with everything. We shall be pleased with wealth so far as it makes us beneficial to others, with poverty for not having much to care for, and with obscurity for being unenvied.

☞ The average time required for a finger nail to attain its full length (from the root to the commencement of the free edge) is about four and a half calendar months. The toe nails grow much more slowly.

☞ Queen Victoria has set the style in favor of riding habits as short as the ordinary walking dress, but gored on the inner side exactly to fit the conformation of the saddle, and so heavily shotted as not to rise.

☞ One of the French deputies is said to have gone raving mad. He was found alone in a railway carriage and stark naked. When asked why he discarded his clothes he answered: "I wish my constituents to see me as I am."

☞ An editor says, in a recent letter to a friend: "At present I am in the country, recovering from fourteen years' editorial life—bad eyes, crooked back, and broken nerves, with little to show for it." Any one would think the three articles enumerated were quite enough to show for it.

The London Stock Exchange.

A recent number of *Chambers's London Journal* gives the following account of the London Stock Exchange, and of a rough, not to say ruffianly, practice which obtains there:

Standing in the centre of a wilderness of alleys, distinguished by nothing but that dull and dingy tone of color which may be called the hoar-frost of age, within a stone's throw of the Bank and the Royal Exchange, is a plain white-washed court, as insignificant in appearance as the outer walls of the Alhambra, which through its price-current controls the policy of half the courts of Europe, regulates the rate of exchange at San Francisco and at Calcutta, and governs the value of money in the bazaars at Cairo and in the gold-room of New York. This is the Stock Exchange. In form it is a *cul de sac*; and except that its glass doors are guarded by a porter, and that there is a slight attempt at architecture in the form of a pillared portico, there is nothing to distinguish Capel Court from the rest of those courts and alleys that form the heart of the city of London. It is simply a bit of old London, of the London of Sir Thomas Gresham and Sir Dudley North, the London of the merchants who, in the early days of international commerce, laid the foundations of that vast and complicated system of credit which has linked all the nations of the earth together.

To men of business in all parts of the world, in the Gulf of Mexico and the treaty ports of the Chinese Seas, this court is holy ground—the Mecca of commerce—and, like holy ground, it is guarded against the intrusions of the profane by a system of police which is an odd compound of superstition and lynch-law. Despotism in miniature is the only phrase by which I can aptly characterize this system of police; and woe to the belated sightseer who presumes to pry into the theatre of its mysteries! In a Freemasons' lodge, possibly he might find some sort of mercy; but he must not look for it on 'Change. The word itself is not in the vocabulary of its committee. It forms part of the *lex non scripta* of stock-jobbing that any sightseers caught within the temple of its mysteries shall be danced round the Exchange, yelled at, bonneted, punched, mudged, and generally exposed to the treatment inflicted upon pantaloon at Christmas; and if you understand the dialect of Capel Court—the most puzzling and barbarous of all the dialects spoken within the four seas—you will soon discover by the sign that flies from desk to desk, from group to group, when a bird has been caught in the meshes of the spoiler. It is not often that this law is put in force; but in the course of the past five or six years more people have gone through the process than care to recollect or talk about it. Only five or six months ago, a foreign gentleman who happened to stroll through those mystical glass doors found himself very much in the position of Marshal Haynau in Barclay & Perkin's brewery. To the shout of "Number forty" the bears fell upon him. One knocked off his hat, and kicked it into the centre of the court; another threw his newspaper into the air; others hustled him like a band of garrotters; and when, recovering his courage, he plucked up spirit enough to turn upon his assailants, they simply called the porters to kick him out. It is necessary, of course, if business is to be carried on with anything like pleasure within the four walls of a narrow court, that sightseers should be kept out of the Stock Exchange as they are kept out of the House of Commons; but this bit of lynch-law is a relic of the rough and lawless past, when stock-brokers were not reckoned in the category of gentlemen, and when gentlemen west of Temple Bar thought it an aristocratic exploit to bonnet the watchman.

The customary hours of business on 'Change are from 11 to 2 or 3; and none but those who keep their eye on the City Article of the Times, and can read between its lines, can form anything like an adequate conception of the amount of business that is got through in those three or four hours of chitchat and speculation by the two hundred or three hundred gentlemen in frock-coats and buff waistcoats who represent the plutocracy of the city of London, and, as its representatives, give the cue to all the money-markets of Europe.

☞ One of the best sort of minds is that which minds its own business. Like many other extra good things, including beef-steaks, it is somewhat rare.

☞ Henry Ward Beecher says on the hair dyeing question: "If a man will be happier for it, let him do it. If his wife will love him better or if she will be made happier, in the name of love let him dye."

☞ An English journal announces that a Roman tomb has been discovered in Birchin lane, the date of which may easily be deciphered as B. C. 407. From this it appears that certain gifted Romans in the early days of the Republic had such clear views as to the date when the Christian era would begin, that they reckoned from it backwards four centuries before the birth of the Redeemer, instead of confining themselves to the old-fashioned "A. U. C." Such accuracy of prophecy was never attained by the Hebrews.

☞ To make hay while the sun shines will cease to have any particular significance, if the new method of curing hay lately tried in England succeeds. And Mr. Mechi, the great scientific agriculturist of Tiptree Hall, Essex county, England, and unquestionable authority—declares that "it leaves nothing to be desired." By this method, the grass is taken from the field as fast as it is mown, and subjected to a blast of hot air for about ten minutes, when it is perfectly cured and fit to be stowed away. This hot air is obtained from a furnace, and is drawn out by means of a revolving fan, worked by horse-power.

☞ A well-known Canadian Scot recently spent a few days in seeing the "sights" of New York. In company with a friend he visited the "gold room," and after looking at the "bulls" and "bears," with great earnestness for a time, he finally remarked: "What a pity it is to see respectable-looking men dressed in good clothes, going on in that kind of way!"

☞ In France, butcher's meat is often preserved in hot weather for eight or ten days, by placing it in large earthenware pans, putting heavy stones upon it, and covering it with skimmed milk. The milk as it becomes sour is to be removed and replaced by fresh; but of course can be used as food for pigs.

☞ Conversation is the daughter of reasoning, the mother of knowledge, the breath of the soul, the commerce of hearts, the bond of friendship, the nourishment of content, and the occupation of men of wit.

Computing Interest.

The commercial editor of the Chicago Evening Journal gives a new method of computing interest on any number of dollars at *six* per cent., which, so far as it goes, is simple and convenient. We give the rule below, from the Journal, with additional rules for computing interest at eight and also ten per cent., handed us by a friend. These additions add triple value to the rule, for the reason that eight and ten per cent. are used more at the present time than six per cent.

Six per cent.—Multiply any given number of dollars by the number of days of interest desired, separate the right hand figure and divide by six, the result is the true interest (in dollars and cents) on such sum for such number of days at six per cent.

Eight per cent.—Multiply any given amount by the number of days upon which it is desired to ascertain the interest, and divide by *forty-five*, and the result will be the interest of such for the time required, at eight per cent.

Ten per cent.—Multiply the same as above and divide by *thirty-six*, and the result will show the rate of interest at ten per cent.

The Journal adds:—

"This rule is so simple and so true according to all business usages, that every banker, broker, merchant or clerk should post it up for reference. There being no such thing as a fraction in it, there is scarcely any liability to error or mistake. By no other arithmetical process can the desired information be obtained by so few figures."

What the Electric Telegraph Has Done and Will Do.

The electric telegraph has immensely reduced the size of our planet, as if it had put all nations in one chamber. Men now communicate from England to Bombay, from Boston to San Francisco, from Boston to Paris, and to Egypt, in little more time than it would take two guests, say at the President's levee at Washington, to join each other from the two sides of the drawing-room. And this telegraph is still in its infancy, and all its influence is yet to be unfolded. When it comes into cheap, universal use, and supersedes letter writing, every burning word that is spoken in any quarter will instantly vibrate through the entire population of the globe. As that of course assimilates men they will correct each other; every thing fantastic, absurd, will be voted down by the opinion of nations. Every superstition of each will be looked through and looked down, and language, opinions, politics and religions will be tried by a final test. It is easy to see in such perfect intercourse where the points of agreement will be found. In the comparison of the Scriptures of each nation, there will be a wonderful agreement in doctrine and maxims which each must embrace in its own. In much competition none will be forward, you may be sure, to exhibit its wild mythology or its oppressive and antiquated customs. Each will instinctively commend its reason and virtue, by holding up what examples all men will confess to be true and admirable; what pure humanity, prophet, thought, aspiration.—*Emerson.*

☞ To make a government, says Burke, requires no great prudence. Settle the seat of power; teach obedience; and the work is done. To give freedom is still more easy. It is not necessary to guide; it only requires to let go the rein. But to form a *free government*; that is, to temper together these opposite elements of liberty and restraint in one consistent work, requires much thought, deep reflection, a sagacious, powerful, and combining mind.

☞ Idol Worship Giving Way.—The Juggernauth Festival this year, at Serampore, is reported by the Calcutta papers to have been a failure, and it is alleged that no enthusiasm and little faith were exhibited. On the last day of the festival, July 19th, two cars decorated with flags and idols were left standing on the roadside and partially in the ditch, in consequence of the refusal of the people to pull them, they calling on the priests to "come down and pull themselves." Numbers, it is stated, had been hired to applaud and to pull, but the cars were only moved half the usual distance, and then were left on the roadside. The crowd collected was estimated at 75,000 persons at the highest, being only one-third of the usual assemblage, and only one man being present to fifty women and children.

☞ The eldest son of Brigham Young is in New Haven, Connecticut, trading for railroad cars, to be used on the branch from the Pacific Railroad to Salt Lake City. Before he had been in the Elm City two hours he had received a number of invitations to dine out, and several gentlemen asked him to "cum hum" with them. He is accompanied by his favorite wife, a young lady of very agreeable manners and charming physique. She wears good stuffs, made up in the latest styles.

☞ The administrators of the estate of Heber C. Kimball, late Brigham Young's first counsellor, have recently filed, at Salt Lake City, a return of distributive shares, subject to the revenue tax, showing forty-one children—thirty sons and eleven daughters—five being fourteen years old, and four being ten years. The value of his estate is $50,000. This is the first return of distributive shares ever made in Salt Lake.

☞ How Quakers Prevent Pauperism.—You never see a Quaker pauper, because the moment a member begins to fail, the better influences surround and besiege him, help him over the shallows, and strengthen his purpose.

☞ Here is a case of method in madness. A Paris letter says a fast actress visited the Rharonton mad house a few days ago. She asked one of the patients, "What brought you here?" He replied, "An infernal woman like you!" She exclaimed, "Why, really, that man is not so mad as some people pretend he is."

☞ Jedediah Osborne, the oldest man in Michigan, died recently, in the 102d year of his age. While in his garden he accidentally disturbed a swarm of bees, four or five stung him on the head, and he fell backward and died almost instantly.

☞ At a Cabinet meeting, when solving enigmas was one of Old Abe's methods of entertaining the members, he said to them, "What is that which did not come last year, but which will come next year?" Secretary Welles, in great distress of mind, started up and said, "I hope, Mr. President, it is not my removal, which the public is clamoring for?" Mr. Lincoln was so amused that he at once promised to retain him until the end of his term; and that is the reason why the venerable old man was not removed.

☞ Servantgalism in Oregon demands forty dollars a month wages.

Food for Old People.

Is your fat, good-natured old grandfather living on fat beef and pork, white bread and butter, buckwheat cakes and molasses, rice and sugar, till he has lost all physical energy, and desires to sit from morning till night in the chimney corner or at the register, saying nothing and caring for nothing?—change his diet, give him fish, beefsteak, potatoes, and unbolted wheat bread, or rye and Indian, with one-half or three-quarters of the carboniferous articles of his former diet, and in one week he will cheer you again with his old jokes, and call for his hat and cane.

Is he lean, and cold, and restless, and irritable?—give him the fattest meats, with the best of butter, and as much sugar and molasses as he desires, not taking away entirely food for the brain and muscles, but adapting them to his circumstances. Perhaps his brain has been overworked, and exhaustion and fitful action follow. If so he needs some phosphatic food to which he has not been accustomed, as oatmeal porridge or oatmeal cake, with milk, or a diet of fish, and pearl barley, or pea soup. Or perhaps his restlessness comes from inactivity of the bowels; if so, he needs fruits, vegetables, unbolted wheat bread, etc., with care to keep his mind at ease, and to have only such company as is soothing and agreeable.

Or perhaps his irritability arises from the use of too much meat and other phosphatic food; if so, keep him on a diet in which the phosphates are deficient, as rice, flour, bread and butter, etc., with other food adapted to his other conditions and habits. But that a regard to these different conditions, and an adaptation of food to conform to them, will very much contribute to comfort and happiness in the declining years of life, there is not a shadow of a doubt.

THE INTERIOR OF THE EARTH.—Chambers's London Journal says:—"A good deal of discussion has been carried on of late among geologists on earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and their causes, which of course involve considerations as to what the inside of the earth is composed of. Mr. Poulett Scrope argues that the interior of the globe is solid, because of the weight and pressure constantly surrounding it, but that the interior solid is highly expansible, and ready to fly off when the internal heat has generated steam enough to force a way to the surface. Mr. David Forbes, on the contrary, holds that the interior of the globe is in a liquid red-hot molten condition, composed of silicates and the heavy metals, and that this molten mass at times boils up into and through the solid crust which forms the surface of the earth."

☞ A worthy father has a bright little four year old boy who is very smart and very handsome. Many times he utters grave, quaint sayings that have in them much wisdom and observation. The other day, the father tells us, he moved his family into a new house, where not only the house, but everything else was new. Little George noticed everything, the new carpet, the new furniture, the new doors, the new windows, the new rooms—all, but he said nothing. At night his father had prayer as usual. When it was over the little fellow said:—"Everything is new about this house but your prayer, papa, and that is just as old as ever."

☞ IMPORTANT TO POLICEMEN.—A man in Moscow, Russia, was recently arrested for "insulting the police" because he would not stand treat when requested.

☞ A wedding at Fort Smith, Ark., was interrupted the other day, when the rector came to that portion of the service which requires a vow of obedience on the part of the bride. At that critical moment there resounded through the church a most emphatic no from the lips of the lady. The clergyman threw up his hands in dismay and then closed his book, and the excitement among the spectators was intense. But one of the bridesmaids whispered something in the ear of the bride; she gave the required pledge, and thereafter all went merry as a marriage bell.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—Sales 9000 bbls at $5@5,50 for superfine; $5,75@6,25 for extra; $6,50@7,75 for low grade and choice Northwest family; $6@7,50 for Penna family; $7@8 for Indiana and Ohio family, and $8,25@10 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells at $6,87½@6,50.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat has fallen off; sales of 90,000 bus Penna, Western, and Southern red at $1,50@1,53, and 15,000 bus white at $1,60@1,70 ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye; sales of 5000 bus new Western and Penna at $1,15@1,18. Corn; sales 30,000 bus yellow at $1,18@1,21, and 50,000 bus Western mixed at $1,14@1,16 ₩ bus. Oats; sales 80,000 bus new Southern and Penna at 58@62c ₩ bus, and 8000 bus old at 63@65c ₩ bus.

☞ Other articles about the same as last week.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from 8½@9½ cts ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—15,000 head were disposed of at from 4@6c ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $14,00 to 14,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

Secrets of the Great City,

A Work descriptive of the **VIRTUES**, and the **VICES**, the **MYSTERIES**, **MISERIES** and **CRIMES** of **New York City.**

It contains 35 fine engravings; and is the Spiciest, most Thrilling, Instructive, and Cheapest work published.

Agents are meeting with unprecedented success. One in Marlborough, Mass., reports 26 subscribers in a day. One in Luzerne Co., Pa., 44 in a day. One in Meriden, Ct., 68 in two days, and a great many others from 100 to 200 per week. Send for circulars and see our terms, and a full description of the work. Address JONES BROTHERS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. *Published in both English and German.*
aug14-3m

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Lectures commence Oct. 4th, 1869. Thirty students taken at $30. No other expenses. For particulars, address JOSEPH SITES, M. D., 514 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa. jy31-3m

LADY AGENTS WANTED in every city and town in the United States and Canada to sell "The Empress, or Lady's Companion," an article required by every female. Agents can make from $5 to $10 a day. Send for circular. MADAME DE VON, 746 Broadway, New York. sep11-3t

JUST THE THING.—Indispensable in every family. Samples sent for 25 cents. Address G. G. MILLER, Luzerne, New York. aug28-4t

WHISKEY, 10 cents a gallon; instructions 25 cents. Address Box 14, Port Deposit, Md. jy3-3m

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

The Lectures of the Session of 1869—70 will commence, as usual, on the first day of October, to continue for six months.

FEES.

To students of Michigan $30 for the first year, $10 for each subsequent year. To all others $25 for the first year, $10 for each subsequent year.

For further information, address
Ann Arbor, Mich. ABM. SAGER, Dean.

TO THE BOOK TRADE.

DR. CHASE'S RECIPES; OR, INFORMATION FOR EVERYBODY, a book of 384 pages of *practical* information for physicians, and all branches of mechanics, farriers, farmers, and for general family use, is now

OPEN TO THE TRADE.

This is the *most practical* book of Recipes in the WORLD. Evidence—over 350,000 copies of the work have been sold. Every book store should have from a dozen to 100 copies.

For one copy enclose $1.25. For *price list* to dealers, send for a circular.

Editors who will give this advertisement one insertion, and send us a marked copy, will receive the book post-paid.

THE JUDD FAMILY; OR, AN EVENING VISIT, AND WHAT CAME OF IT, will be ready for agents in August.

Address A. W. CHASE, M. D.,
July, 1869. Ann Arbor, Mich.
sep4-4t

AGENTS WANTED FOR

"WONDERS OF THE WORLD,"

COMPRISING

Startling Incidents, Interesting Scenes and Wonderful Events, in all Countries, all Ages, and among all People.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

OVER ONE THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIONS

By the most distinguished Artists in Europe and America.

The largest, best illustrated, most exciting, amusing, instructive, entertaining, startling, humorous, and attractive subscription book ever published. Send for circulars with terms at once. Address
UNITED STATES PUBLISHING CO.,
411 Broome St., New York,
jy3-3m 129 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION.

Young Men and Adults Practically Educated for the

COUNTING-HOUSE and Business Life, at

Crittenden's Commercial College,

637 Chestnut St., Cor. of Seventh.

ESTABLISHED 1844. INCORPORATED 1865.

The longest established, the best organized, and the most largely attended Commercial College in the city. In the practical value of its well-tried course of instruction, and in the number of applications received from business houses for its graduates to fill vacant positions it is unequalled.

The instruction includes—

BOOK-KEEPING in all its branches, as practiced by the best accountants and business men.

PENMANSHIP, A free, rapid and beautiful style of business writing taught by a superior penman. Ornamental Writing taught when required.

COMMERCIAL CALCULATIONS, including the best short and improved methods in actual use.

BUSINESS PAPERS, Business Practices, Commercial Law, &c.

Students received at any time and instructed at such hours as may best suit their convenience. Instruction given day and evening.

Circulars and information furnished on application.
sep11-4t

NEW

CRAYONS.

NEW

WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN'S

LATEST NOVELTY.

Connoisseurs in Art, and all who are tired of the old style of photographs, are invited to examine these new Pictures as they pass the Gallery of the undersigned,

914 CHESTNUT STREET.

These beautiful effects, first introduced by this firm, are precisely those of the fine French lithographs "*Aux Deux Crayons*," and may be imparted to all sizes of portraiture from the Carte de Visite to the largest heads.

Wenderoth, Taylor & Brown.
ap17-ly

Surpassing the Highest Anticipations.

THE

CHORAL TRIBUTE.

By L. O. Emerson. Just published. The best collection of church music ever issued by the publishers. Choirs and congregations are charmed with the music. Price $1.50. $13.50 per dozen. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,
277 Washington St., Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

CANCER

Cured without pain, use of the knife, or caustic burning. Circulars sent free of charge. Address,
DRS. BABCOCK & SON,
mar27-6m 709 Broadway, New York.

$20 **A DAY to Male and Female** agents to introduce the BUCKEYE $20 SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES. Stitch alike on both sides, and is the only LICENSED SHUTTLE MACHINE sold in the United States for less than $40. All others are infringements, and the seller and user are liable to prosecution and imprisonment. *Outfit Free.* Address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio. aug21-3m

"QUEER PICTURE," for Bar Rooms. Send 10 cents to Box 14, Port Deposit, Maryland. sep 18-3m

SHERMAN

RUPTURED PERSONS NOTIFIED.

DR. J. A. SHERMAN, Artistic Surgeon, respectfully notifies his patients, and the large number of afflicted persons who have called at his office during his absence, anxious to receive the aid of his experience, that he has returned from his professional visit to Havana, and will be prepared to receive them at his office, No. 697 Broadway, New York City.

DR. SHERMAN'S inventions are the only established, secure, and comfortable radical curatives for Hernia, or Rupture, in all its varied forms and stages, in persons of every age, without regard to the duration of the disease.

DR. SHERMAN is the founder of the "Marado Grande," Havana, Cuba, established several years since for the treatment, by his method, of this most terrible of all human afflictions, where, from the good result of his personal attention, the afflicted, rather than trust themselves to the care of his pupils, await his periodical visits.

Descriptive circulars, with photographic likenesses of cases cured, and other particulars, mailed on receipt of two postage stamps.
jel9-1y

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

A Paper for all Children.

MONTHLY 25 CENTS A YEAR.

As Pretty as Ever Left the Printer's Hands.

The Cheapest Ever Published.

MOTTO—"Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, think on these things." By filling its pages with beautiful pictures and music, choice original stories, poems, sketches, dialogues, declamations and facts worth knowing, all of a character appropriate to its name and motto, we hope to make a paper that will be welcomed into more homes, will cheer more young hearts, and instruct more young minds than any paper ever yet published for young people. Send for it, or 3 cents for specimen. ALDEN & TRUE, Publishers,
aug21-tf Chicago, Ills.

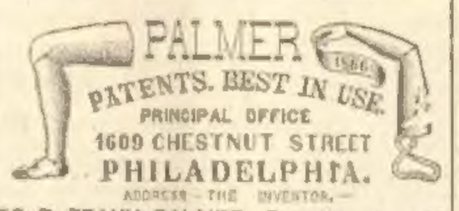
AGENTS WANTED FOR

Sights and Secrets

OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

A work descriptive of Washington City; its high and low life, magnificent public buildings, hidden mysteries, villanies and corruptions, the inside workings of the Government. Showing how the public money is squandered; how rings are managed; how officials are blacked-mailed; how counterfeiting is carried on; and all about female lobby members, lady clerks, &c. It is the spiciest, most thrilling, instructive, and startling book published.

☞ Send for circulars and see our terms, and a full description of the work. Address
UNITED STATES PUBLISHING CO.,
ap17-6m 411 Broome St., New York.



DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, PRES'T A.A.LIME C'T

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK: also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed.
oct30-1y

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-cowly

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

An Invaluable Counterfeit.—The water of the Seltzer Spring, nature's salubrious cathartic and restorative, is perfectly simulated in TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT. To have it within reach is the same thing as living within a stone's throw of the living, leaping Seltzer Spring. The dyspeptic and the bilious, the nervous and the feeble, are invited to try this specific for their ailments, which is equal in every essential element to the *Spa itself*.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FREE! FREE! FREE!—250 Photographs of distinguished men and beautiful women mailed for 25 cents, or sample of 50 for two stamps.
Address R.B. THORNTON,
mar20-6m Hoboken, New Jersey.

VINEGAR. HOW MADE FROM Cider, Wine, Molasses, or Sorghum in 10 hours, without using drugs. For circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Fremwell, Conn. aug21-1y

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR,

For Restoring Gray Hair to its Natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hear with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a

HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO.,

PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS,

LOWELL, MASS.

PRICE $1.00.

Sold by all druggists and dealers everywhere.
mar13-cowly

THE

Berkshire Life Insurance Co.,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

Hon. THOS. M. PLUNKETT, President.

JAMES FRANCIS, Vice President.

BENJ. CHICKERING, Sec'y and Treasurer.

JACOB L. GREENE, Assistant Secretary.

This company offers *Greater Inducements to Policy Holders than any other company in the country.*

It has a Perpetual Charter, a Purely Mutual Plan, Assets over a Million and a Quarter, able and trustworthy officers. An enviable reputation of seventeen years standing.

The BERKSHIRE was the FIRST COMPANY in the United States to make ALL of its Policies NON-FORFEITABLE.

Every Policy issued by this Company since April, A. D. 1861, is NON-FORFEITABLE, and so *expressed* in the Policy.

AN ANNUAL Payment Life Policy is NOT FORFEITED by failure to pay Premium when due, but is continued in force under the Massachusetts Law of April, 1861.

EXAMPLE AT AGE 35.

One annual payment keeps the policy in force two years and three days.
Two annual payments, four years and twelve days.
Three annual payments, six years and twenty-seven days.
Four annual payments, eight years and forty-six days.
Five annual payments, ten years and thirty-six days.
Six annual payments, twelve years and forty-one days.
Nineteen annual payments, thirty years and a hundred and sixty-one days.

All Profits Equitably Divided annually among the insured on the *Contribution Plan*, affording an Annual Dividend to Policy Holders ranging from **Thirty to Seventy per cent.** of the premium.

WM. H. GRAVES, General Agent.

PHILADELPHIA OFFICE,
329 Walnut Street.

GOOD AGENTS WANTED.

CALL OR SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
feb13-1y

Have you seen it? If not, ☞ Send for Circular.

SCIENCE of A NEW LIFE

A New Book, of great importance and intense interest to the married and those about to marry. Address (with stamp,) COWAN & CO., 746 Broadway, New York City.
☞ Agents Wanted everywhere. sep11-6m

PERSONAL.—I can furnish constant employment for leisure hours and evenings in a genteel, honorable and profitable business. From $1 to $5 per evening, and a proportionate profit to persons devoting their whole time to the business. Women and children can do it. I will send full particulars, with sample of business, by mail, for ten cents. Address F. C. BARKER, Salem, Mass. aug28-3t

PARLOR STEAM ENGINE:

Made entirely of Metal; Boiler and Furnace complete; will work for hours if supplied with water, &c.; free from danger; a child can work it. Sent free with instructions for $1.00; three for $2.50.
WALTER HOLT,
jy 10-3m 102 Nassau Street, New York.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE.

Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
je17-1t Box 220, Boston, Mass.

A **LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED** of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief.

Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 5033, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. sep11-3t

LOOK, LOOK.—My French Compound will force the beard to grow, thick and heavy on the smoothest face, or hair on the baldest head in 21 days, in every case, or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package, or 3 for $1. Address JAGGERS & BIRRELL, 1020 Brooklyn St., St. Louis, Mo. aug28-4t

THOMPSON'S PATENT SLEEPING COLLAR.

For Retaining Bed-Clothes over Children.

Allows perfect freedom of movement. Effectually secures the Bed-Clothes. Applied in a moment and requires no further trouble.

[From Mrs. Stowe's *Hearth and Home*, Aug. 14.]

"A simple and effective contrivance for keeping the bed-clothes on children who kick in their sleep. Parents who find that their children are constantly taking cold because they throw the covering off, can surely afford to invest a dollar in an article which obviates this difficulty.

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of $1.
THOMPSON BROS., 39 Park Row, New York.

$1140. **How I made it in 6 months.** Secret and sample mailed free. *A. J. Fulham*, New York.

SOMETHING NEW.—In musical circles the **Estey Organs** are the rage. They are the most durable and have the finest tone, *remarkable* for their *sweetness* and *power*. The *Vox Humana* and *Vox Jubilante* are the greatest novelties and best inventions ever introduced. J. ESTEY & CO., Brattleboro, Vt., Sole Manufacturers.

USE B. A. FAHNESTOCK'S VERMIFUGE.

Agents! Read This!

WE will pay agents a salary of $30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., *Marshall, Mich.*

THE MAGIC COMB will change any colored hair or beard to a permanent Black or Brown. One Comb sent by mail for $1. For sale by merchants and druggists generally. Address *Magic Comb Co., Springfield, Mass.*

GOLD INK.

Violet and Fancy Colored Inks. Over one dozen of the most brilliant and delicate shades. These Inks flow freely from the pen and are unequalled for private correspondence. They can be used as paint, with a brush, and for **Coloring Photographs or Pictures** are unrivalled.—Sent free for 50 cents. Great inducements to agents. Send stamp for circular. ROBERTS & CO.,
P. O. Box 3086, New York.

WANTED—AGENTS FOR

BIBLE LYRICS.

By Rev. Jno. A. Murray. *The Great Book of the Year. The mature product of 30 years study.* Cordially endorsed by leading clergymen of all the principal denominations. Extraordinary inducements to *agents, of which Commissions are but a part.* Agents already meeting with splendid success. Send for descriptive circular, and elegant, full-page sample engraving. Address C. F. VENT, Publisher, 3 Barclay St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED Local and Travelling—for the **New American Patent Meat and Vegetable Chopper.** The best thing in the market, without exception. For *Out of Machine, terms, &c.*, address D. A. NEWTON & CO., 38 Cortlandt St., New York.

10,000 AGENTS WANTED FOR

PRIEST AND NUN.

This most exciting and interesting book, by a *popular authoress*, is now ready, and those who wish to canvass for it should apply immediately for circular, (with stamp enclosed,) stating territory desired, experience, &c. Agents wanted everywhere for this and other first-class books and engravings, by CRITTENDEN & McKINNEY, 1308 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED AGENTS.—$75 to $200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the *NEW NOVELTY SEWING MACHINE.* A new thing, with the latest improvements. Price for Hand Machine, $15; with table and foot power, $25. Send for circular, with cut of machine and terms to agents. Address W. S. HILL, Manchester, N. H.

WATCHES FOR THE MILLION.

THE GREAT TRADE IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION, (Incorporated by the State) sell *FINE GOLD* and *SILVER WATCHES*, upon the one price general average system, at $10 each. Be sure to obtain a circular before buying elsewhere. Agents wanted. Address MICHELIN & CO., *Managers*, Broadway, corner Fulton St., New York.

100,000 **Agents of both sex wanted.** *One in every town in the country.* Samples and circulars sent for 25 cents. Address MARSH & CO., 7 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

A **Heavy Moustache** in a few weeks. Send 10 cts. to W. WAY, Chesapeake City, Md.

Book Agents Wanted.

We want Ten Thousand good, reliable Agents to solicit for

Our New West,

To whom the **Highest Commissions will be paid.** No other work selling half as fast. Beautifully illustrated, over 500 pp., and sold for $3. *The raciest and best Book on the Great West extant*—so say all the leading journals and eminent men. Send for our Circulars, with full information and terms. Address
HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Ct.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

HOMES AND FORTUNES

In the boundless West and sunny South. It speaks to the young man of a home and fortune, where and how to seek it; it tells the capitalist where to invest; the laborer, to find good wages; the farmer, the best lands; the merchant, the manufacturer, the professional man and the mechanic of the great chances open to them; it tells everybody just what they ought to know, about the vast resources and wonderful progress in every part of this great country. New, fresh, interesting and popular. Send for circular. Enterprising men can learn of a money-making business by addressing PEOPLES PUBLISHING CO., 614 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ASK your doctor or Druggist for **SWEET QUININE**—it equals (bitter) Quinine. Man'f't by STEARNS, FARR & CO., Chemists, New York.

Aromatic Vegetable Soap.

For the Delicate Skin of Ladies and Children.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

AMERICAN

Newspaper Directory.

A Complete List of Newspapers for the United States, Territories, and British Provinces; giving names, politics or general character, subscription price, circulation, editors and publishers names, population and location of places where issued, &c., &c.

Also, separate lists showing at a glance how many and which papers circulate more than 5,000, 10,000 or 20,000 copies each issue, with actual figures given.

Also, classified lists of all publications devoted specially to the interests of Religion, Agriculture, Horticulture, Medicine, Surgery, Education, Juveniles, Freemasonry, Odd Fellowship, Temperance, Commerce, Finance, Insurance, Real Estate, Mechanics, Law, Sport, Music, Woman's Rights, and those printed wholly or in part in the German, French, Scandinavian, Spanish, Hollandish, Italian, Welsh and Bohemian languages. A volume of over 300 pages bound in cloth,

PRICE—FIVE DOLLARS,

Forwarded to any address on receipt of price.

G. P. ROWELL, & CO., Publishers,
No. 40 Park Row, New York.

RELICS.

What is this the writer said?
  The ink is pale! the paper rotten!
  Loving vows?—how soon forgotten!
And the fickle writer? Dead!—
  Shall I keep the record? No!
  Let the broken promise go.

Look again! a waving tress,
  Severed in the days of old
  From a spendthrift wealth of gold,
With a loving, sweet caress.
  Shall I keep the record? Nay!
  All the gold has turned to gray.

See! the face was bright and kindly!
  Or the picture of her youth
  Fails, like her, to show a truth.
Or, perchance, I loved too blindly.
  Do I need such record? No!
  I *remember!*—let it go.

This recalls the great blue eyes,
  Brimmed with laughter—dimmed with tears,
  As alternate hopes and fears
In the infant bosom rise.
  Burn it!—what have I to do
  With a poor dead baby's shoe.

See what once were blushing roses!
  Withered—never to revive!
  She who gave no more can give;
And so—that foolish record closes.
  A faded leaf—a scent of earth
  Is all the treasure now is worth.

What's here—so heavy—chill and worn?
  Is this what I have known to rise
  Responsive to the ecstacies,—
Once full of love, now full of scorn!
  Let that go, too! I have no part
  In a so cold and weary heart!

COMIC MAN.—"What's your fighting weight, gov'nor?"
MUSCULAR PARSON (readily).—"One hundred and sixty pounds, sir; and if you ask me such another fool's question, I'll take you into the balcony, and drop you over!"

WIT AND HUMOR.

Amusing Scene in Court.

Last week, in one of the New Orleans Courts, a negro was called as a witness. The Judge, who is noted for his austerity, held out the book and the witness was sworn, and was, of course, expected to kiss the book. But the witness was unused to criminal proceedings, and entertained curious ideas of the manner and propriety of swearing, and stood erect:

"Why don't you kiss?" demanded the magistrate.

"Sar!"

"Ain't you going to kiss?" was again inquired.

"Sar!" repeated the astonished darkey, evidently mistaking the meaning of the court, and surprised beyond measure at such an invitation.

"Kiss, I tell you!" thundered the Judge.

"Yes sar! yes sar!" exclaimed the frightened and trembling darkey, nerving himself for the contemplated embrace, and without more ado the long arms of the son of Ham were thrown around the judicial neck, and before he could be prevented a stentorian smack resounded through the court room.

"Quit, you beast—help! help!" shouted the magistrate. But the witness enjoyed the luxury, and the embrace was renewed with unction.

"Take him off! Take him off!" cried the court, while the loud shouts of the spectators testified their appreciation of the fun. At last, however, the officers of the court interfered, and the half strangled Judge was rescued from the clasp of the literal witness.

Effect of a Sulphur Bath.

Sharon Springs, N. Y., is said to have been the scene of a very amusing affair this summer. One fine morning the quiet of the bath houses, where visitors repair to bathe in the hot water of the springs, which are powerfully impregnated with sulphur, was disturbed by the most piercing screams issuing from one of the bathing rooms.

"O, mercy! mercy! what *shall* I do—help!—O dear me! save me! oh, I'm all changed!"

There was a "hurrying to and fro," and rush in the direction from which the screams came, and the door of the apartment was battered in by those who fully expected to see a woman boiling to death from inability to shut off the boiling water by the stop cock. Instead of which, in the midst of the sulphurous vapor of the bath, stood one of the belles of the season holding her robes hastily gathered about her with one hand, and in the other hand a mirror, in which she was gazing horror stricken at the startling apparition of her face, neck, bust and bare arms, which had assumed a rich mulatto tint, and were rapidly assuming that of a Nubian in blackness.

In a word, the lady had a few days before been *enamelled*, and the action of the sulphur bath upon the chemicals used in the beautifying process caused this alarming change of complexion. She was calmed, bundled up in shawls and returned to her apartments, and next day, by first conveyance and behind a thick veil, left the scene a changed woman.

Master and Servant.

Sambo was a slave to a master who was constitutionally addicted to lying. Sambo being strongly attached to his master, had, by dint of long practice, made himself an adept in giving plausibility to his master's stories.

One day when his master was entertaining his guests in his customary manner, he related an incident which took place on one of his hunting excursions.

"I fired at a buck," said he, "at a hundred yards distance, the ball passing through his left hind foot, and through his head just back of the ear."

This evidently producing some little doubt in the minds of his guests, he called upon Sambo to corroborate him.

"Yes, massa," said the almost confounded slave, after a moment's hesitation, "me see the ball hit him. Jes' as massa lift up de gun to de eye, de old buck lift up him foot to scratch 'im ear; massa's ball went clear through him heel and head at the same time."

The guests were perfectly satisfied with Sambo's explanation, and swallowed the whole without hesitation; but when the guests were gone, Sambo ventured so far upon his master's good humor as to remonstrate.

"For goodness sake, massa, when you tell nudder such big lie, don't put 'um so far apart—me had hard work to get 'um together."

☞ If nature abhors a vacuum why does she permit so many empty-headed people to live?

An Egg Story.

At Big Foot there is—and has been for several years—a flourishing society of we will not say what. As a community they are honest, industrious, and thrifty; and the members are noted for their conscientiousness in matters of business. 'Squire Bell, (who used to live among them,) tells a good story, to which he was personally knowing, illustrative of this characteristic.

Smith and Jones were near neighbors, and as it is customary in the country, the two families were in the habit of exchanging those little customary civilities common to people of like faith and generous impulses—borrowing, lending, changing works, &c. One day when Mrs. Smith called on Mrs. Jones, the latter chanced to remark that her hens were not conducting themselves with strict propriety; none of them inclined to *lay*, but all wanted to *set!*

"Why?" said Mrs. Smith, "it's just the other way with mine; they all persist in laying, but none can be induced to set. I would like to bring over some eggs, and set 'em under one of your hens." This was at once agreed to, and the eggs duly furnished and hatched. In due time Mrs. S. reclaimed the brood, and rejoiced in the possession of a nice covey of dorkings.

A year or two afterward, Mr. Jones sold out, and followed the star of empire westward. He had settled with all the neighbors, Smith among the rest, and started on his journey. When he had got about half a mile out, a thought struck him, and he turned back. Halting at the door of the astonished Smith, he reminded them that in their settlement, one item was forgotten.

"What's that?" said Smith.

"Well, you know," said Jones, "your wife had some eggs hatched by one of my wife's hens, and I didn't think of it when we settled."

"That's so," said Smith, "how much ought it to be?"

"Well," said Jones, "I've been thinking it over, and I guess it ought to be about *seven cents.*"

Smith paid the money and Jones went on his way rejoicing.

The Beggar's Paradise.

Many strange stories are told of the wealth accumulated by blind beggars, and Paris seems to be their Paradise. It is a thriving trade, this blindness, and two pretty stories have just now turned up together. One is of a pretended blind man, who has found out a new method of picking pockets. He walks the streets with the sad, upturned visage of a blind man, till he comes to a crowded crossing, where he gives every token of being afraid to cross. He appeals to the passengers to take pity on him, and help him in his difficulty. Some charitable creature takes his arm and leads him across. He is thanked by the poor blind man. He goes on his way, feeling that he has done a kind deed; and the next time he puts his hand into his pocket for his watch, he finds that it is gone.

The other story is of a really blind man, who is always to be found ensconced in a gateway on the Boulevard Sebastopol, nearly opposite the Square des Arts-et-Metiers. A certain Parisian often passed that way, and was in the habit of giving him a penny—a two-sous piece; but the other day, by mistake, he dropped into his hat a double louis of forty francs. Some time afterward he discovered his mistake, and off he ran to the Boulevard Sebastopol to get back his money. No beggar was there, but in his place a cripple.

"Where is the blind man?" said the benevolent man.

"Do you mean Monsieur Benjamin?" replied the cripple. "He has just gone—he has gone to his house to breakfast."

"Is it far?"

"Only a couple of steps, in the Rue du Petit Carreau."

Away went the inquirer to the address indicated, which he soon found.

"Monsieur Benjamin here?" he says to the concierge.

"All right; second floor; door to the right," was the answer.

He mounted the stairs, rung the bell. A nicely-dressed servant came to open it.

"Monsieur Benjamin in?"

"Yes, sir."

Our friend is shown into an elegant anteroom, through which one could see into a dining-room, where there was a table admirably appointed with fine white linen, crystal and silver.

It seemed as if there must be an error; but there was little time to consider; the maid came quickly to say that Monsieur Benjamin would be glad to see his visitor, and at the same instant she opened the door of an apartment furnished in Turkish fashion, in which the blind man, smiling, was seen seated on a divan.

"You wished to speak to me," he said.

"Yes, indeed, sir," replied our friend, rather embarrassed; "I am very sorry to trouble you—but the fact is—I believe—I rather think—that in passing along the Boulevard Sebastopol this morning—I gave you by mistake two louis for two sous."

The blind man said, with the utmost coolness—

"That is quite possible—I haven't looked at the cash yet; and if there is a mistake, nothing is easier than to rectify it."

He rung the bell, which was answered by the maid.

"Ask M. Ernest," he said, "if, in the receipts of this morning, he has found a piece of forty francs."

The piece was there; the maid fetched it, and at the bidding of her master presented it on a tray of Chinese lace to his visitor. The visitor pounced upon his coin, and, without more ado, proceeded to take his leave.

"Pardon, sir," said the blind man, "you forget something—there are two sous to return me."

LET ME REST.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

He does well who does his best:
Is he weary? Let him rest.
Brothers! I have done my best,
I am weary,—let me rest.
After toiling off in vain,
Baffled, yet to struggle fain;
After toiling long, to gain
Little good with mickle pain,—
Let me rest. But lay me low
Where the hedge-side roses blow,
Where the little daisies grow;
Where the winds a-Maying go;
Where the foot-path-rustics plod;
Where the breeze-bow'd poplars nod;
Where the old woods worship God;
Where His pencil paints the sod;
Where the wedded throstle sings;
Where the young bird tries its wings;
Where the wailing plover swings
Near the runlet's rushy springs;
Where, at times, the tempest's roar,
Shaking distant sea and shore,
Still will rave old Barnesdale o'er,
To be heard by me no more!
There beneath the breezy west,
Tired and thankful, let me rest,—
Like a child that sleepeth best
On its gentle mother's breast.

☞ From definite computations it has been ascertained that the total amount received by Milton and his family for "Paradise Lost" was twenty-eight pounds, or *one hundred and forty dollars!* And the next poem as good as "Paradise Lost," will probably bring about as much to the writer.

AGRICULTURAL.

Agricultural Experience.

1. All soils are benefitted by being underdrained, but the benefit is most apparent and lasting in those of a clayey nature, or having a subsoil retentive of moisture.

2. After drainage, subsoiling and good cultivation are necessary to ensure good crops on heavy soils.

3. Lime is the best manure to apply to strong clay soils. It renders them more pervious to light and heat, and also corrects their acidity, by combining with some of the chemical salts in the soil, making plant food poison.

4. Summer fallowing is the most efficient and profitable means of preparing strong soils for wheat, and of beginning a rotation, after grass has been grown for a length of time.

5. Green crops ploughed under, when in the most succulent state, are powerful auxiliaries in rendering a light soil fertile, but if this is done too often successively, the soil becomes overcharged with carbonaceous matter.

6. Leached ashes applied in large quantities to sandy soils, or those containing too much vegetable humus, will greatly ameliorate their condition, and render them more compact.

7. There is no soil so poor or sterile, but some mode may be found of ameliorating and enriching it.

8. Blowing sands may be gradually made productive by spreading six inches thick of straw over them, to remain till rotted. Then seed thickly with clover on the surface, without ploughing, and when the clover has taken hold and become established, pasture sheep upon the land for two or three years preparatory to manuring and cultivating it.

9. Two successive grain crops on the same land leave it very foul.

10 Summer fallowing ameliorates a soil, and if properly done gets rid of most of the weeds and noxious plants infesting it.—*Canada Farmer.*

How to Quiet a Horse When Being Cleaned.

The English journal, Land-and-Water, tells us how, thus:

First contrive so that the horse shall not hurt you, then teach him that you are not going to hurt him. It is almost always thin-skinned horses that become savage while being cleaned. Make out of four inches of a spade handle or a rolling pin, a bit so large that the horse cannot close his mouth; common brass rings screwed into each end of the wooden bit, will enable you to fasten it to the head stall, this alone will generally make a horse quiet. It was Rarey's plan, and seems to occupy the horse's attention. But if he is very restive, put on knee caps, strap up one leg, and clean him on deep litter, so that if he falls he may not hurt himself. Then take a sponge and wash him all over with or without soap, according to his condition; dry him with a coarse cloth; after washing a hard brush is necessary.

If he will stand it, use the usual hay wisp; but if he is very tender skinned be content with the cloth and a very soft brush, which will be quite enough for a horse with a fine silky coat. Washing in hunting stables is made a great ceremony, performed by two grooms with hot water and soap, while a boy stands ready to clothe each part when finished, but I am convinced that all horses in condition may be safely washed in cold water. Messrs. Sangers, the circus proprietors, have a stud of eighty horses, including several thorough breds; for some of these they have refused offers in three figures. Two purchased at General Angerstein's sale cost each, unbroken, over 100 guineas.

These horses are all washed with cold water twice a day, frequently after a journey of twenty-five miles, and they are more healthy than any stud I ever saw. Yet as they never stop more than two days at any place for nine months of the year, they are always at work. Since seeing this example I have treated my own horses in the same way, even after driving fifteen miles at best pace, and with most satisfactory results. It must be remembered the circulation and power of reaction in a horse is much greater than in a man.

Roadside Fertilizers.

The amount of valuable fertilizing material that is annually lost from neglect of roadside abuttors to avail themselves of it, is undoubtedly very great, and when we take into consideration the fact that it might be made available at a very small outlay of labor, such neglect seems inexcusable. We have repeatedly seen the wash of many rods of road escaping into a brook and wasting, which might by a minute's labor of a man with a spade be turned into a mowing or tillage field. By wash we do not mean the sand and gravel, but the finely pulverized stones worn by the grinding of many wheels into an almost impalpable powder, together with the excrementitious matter which had been dropped, pulverized and dissolved. These fine particles are light, and when carried in the road water are suspended, as it were, giving the water its milky, clouded appearance. The chemists tell us that roadside wash contains fully ten per cent. of organic matter. The water as it moves carries this matter with it, and if it were evaporated the residuum would be found to consist almost entirely of fertilizing material. We have always noticed the wonderful luxuriance with which grass that has this wash poured upon it, from time to time, springs up, far overtopping neighboring lots that have not a supply of rich food completely prepared for immediate consumption. To turn a roadside stream into adjoining fields it is only necessary to throw up a flat dam across its bed, so formed that the sand and gravel will be held and the water and finer particles permitted to escape; such dams may be constructed very easily, and no roadside owner can afford to neglect them.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

A Few Words About Horses.

Hay and oats make the best feed for horses that are obliged to work hard and regularly. If the hay is cut fine and the oats bruised or ground, the whole mixed and moistened, the horse will eat his rations quicker, digest them sooner, and thus have more time for resting and renewing his power for labor. Farmers' horses that work little during winter time may be kept cheaper by cutting and mixing bright straw and hay in equal quantities, and adding a ration of steamed potatoes or raw carrots. Colts should be fed liberally on good hay—bright clover is best—and bruised oats; give them a roomy box stall in stormy weather and during nights. Litter freely and do not let the manure accumulate under them. Sawdust or spent tan makes good and convenient bedding; in cities and villages they are often cheaper than straw. Groom horses well and let them have exercise every day; a run in the yard is excellent. See that stable floors over basements are sound and strong. Arrange the feeding racks so that dust and hay seed will not fall into horses' manes or eyes; some horsemen build their mangers too high, thus forcing the animal to take an unnatural and painful position when eating. Farm horses that are not worked should have their shoes taken off, and those that are driven on the road should be kept well shod.—*Stock Journal.*

RECEIPTS.

SOUPS.—The delicate and proper blending of savors is the chief art of good soup-making. Be sure and skim the grease off the soup when it first boils, or it will not become clear. Throw in a little salt to bring up the scum. Remove all the grease. [This may be best done by boiling the soup the day previous, and then the grease all comes off in a cake. To do so is often more convenient if you have bones, &c., which may not keep uncooked.] 1 quart water to 1 pound meat is a pretty good rule. If it boils away—soup should not boil hard—add boiling water. The water in which poultry, or fresh meat has been boiled, should be saved for gravies or soup next day. If you do not need it, the poor do.

CORN-STARCH CAKE.—One cup of corn-starch, one of sugar, one of sweet milk, two of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, the whites of eight eggs. Mix the corn-starch with part of the milk, leaving enough for the soda: mix the cream of tartar with the flour, putting the eggs in last. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup of best molasses; one-half cup of butter; one teaspoonful of alum; two teaspoonfuls of soda; one-half cup of water; one teaspoonful of ginger; stir in flour enough to make a stiff dough; roll thin; cut in rounds; bake quick.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 80 letters.
My 6, 17, 23, 37, 1, 53, 65, 31, 11, 80, is a bird.
My 8, 2, 27, 72, 22, 49, 69, 64, 25, 5, is a flower.
My 13, 3, 33, 26, 44, 20, 42, 61, is a shell-fish.
My 19, 28, 38, 7, 55, 16, 73, 60, 13, 66, is an animal.
My 25, 43, 79, 15, 21, 31, 58, 28, 67, 9, 33, is a bird.
My 39, 47, 23, 18, 40, 71, 49, 12, is an animal.
My 41, 54, 35, 29, 70, 74, 25, 45, 34, 49, 16, is a fish.
My 52, 30, 63, 72, 12, 61, 25, 4, 14, 75, 31, is an ornamental plant.
My 59, 24, 20, 41, 5, 28, 72, 46, is a fruit.
My 63, 57, 36, 56, 77, 75, 6, 8, 48, 61, is a flower.
My 76, 10, 78, 55, 69, 62, 50, 45, 22, is an ornamental plant.
My whole is a poetical quotation.
Sheffield, Pa. ISOLA.

Biblical Enigma.

I am composed of 59 letters.
My 3, 44, 23, 15, 47, 55, 33, 16, 26, was an ancient river.
My 4, 38, 20, 23, 11, 36, 45, was an ancient article of clothing.
My 6, 30, 13, 53, 19, 37, 51, 21, 58, 20, 28, 25, was an ancient king.
My 7, 12, 23, 57, 34, 42, 54, was an ancient tribe.
My 10, 46, 56, 51, 43, 14, 9, 48, 3, 47, was a Bible animal.
My 11, 48, 17, 29, 5, 56, 38, 45, was a Bible vegetable.
My 26, 35, 21, 51, 20, 46, 59, 3, 54, 8, 37, was an ancient king.
My 31, 12, 3, 42, 20, 50, 1, 40, was a Bible animal.
My 39, 55, 11, 49, 53, 18, 27, 20, was a Bible plant.
My 41, 25, 19, 23, 2, 57, 20, 32, 54, was a celebrated Ephesian.
My 52, 53, 20, 46, 26, 6, 24, 45, was an ancient city.
My whole is a verse in the Bible.
Sheffield, Pa. ISOLA.

Riddle.

I am composed of 4 letters.
My 1, 4, is a lady's nick name.
Behead me and I am what all do.
Transpose me thus and I am a beverage.
Complete me again and strike out my second, and I am universally worn.
We are enduring my whole at present.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Probability Problem.

Suppose 12 pennies are thrown up, and those that come up "heads" are taken awar, and the remaining ones thrown up again, and so on, till all the pennies have been thrown "heads up." Required—the probability that this will be effected in 10 throws.
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A student has just one hour and a half for exercise. He starts off on a conch, which travels 10 miles an hour; and after a time dismounts, and walks home at the rate of 4 miles an hour. What is the greatest distance he can travel by the coach, so to keep within his time?
W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Dividing Problem.

What number is that, which when divided by 888 then 777 will remain; when divided by 777 then 666 will remain; when divided by 666 then 555 will remain; and so on continually, if divided by a divisor of 111 less than the former divisor, that 111 less than the divisor used will remain, until the divisor is 111 itself, when necessarily nothing remains. X.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a glazier like a fashionable dress-maker? Ans.—Because he takes pains (panes) to fit the sashes.

☞ Why should the wife carve at the table? Ans.—Because she is a help meet.

☞ Why are good husbands like dough? Ans.—Women need them.

☞ Why is a leaky barrel like a coward? Ans.—It runs.

☞ Why is a one-dollar greenback better than a silver dollar? Ans.—When you fold it you double it, and when you open it you find it increases.

TOMATO TOAST.—Remove the stem and all the seeds from the tomatoes, they must be ripe, mind, not *over ripe;* stew them to a pulp, season with butter, pepper, and salt; toast some bread, (not new bread,) butter it, and then spread the tomato on each side, and send it up to table, two slices on each dish, the slices cut in two; and the person who helps it must serve with two half-slices, not attempt to lift the top slice, otherwise the appearance of the under slice will be destroyed.

TOMATO SAUCE—*French.*—Cut ten or a dozen tomatoes into quarters, and put them into a saucepan, with four onions, sliced, a little parsley, thime, a clove, and a quarter of a pound of butter; then set the saucepan on the fire, stirring occasionally for three-quarters of an hour; strain the sauce through a horse-hair sieve, and serve with the directed articles.

EGG-PLANT.—Slice the egg-plant an eighth of an inch in thickness, pare it, and sprinkle salt over it an hour before cooking; then drain off all the water, beat up the yolk of an egg, dip the slices first in the egg, and then in crumbs of bread; fry a nice brown. Serve hot, and free from fat.

A PIPPIN PUDDING.—Boil six apples well; take out the cores, put in half a pint of milk thickened with three eggs, a little lemon-peel, and sugar to the taste; put puff paste round your dish, bake it in a slow oven, grate sugar over it and serve it hot.

ANOTHER.—Take the pulp of two large roasted apples, the peel and juice of one lemon, the yolks of six eggs, two Savoy biscuits grated, a quarter of a pound of butter melted, and sugar to your taste. Beat the ingredients together, put a puff paste round your dish, and bake it.